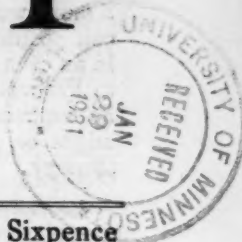


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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Government appears to have lost all sense of verisimilitude as well as probability. Mr. MacDonald greeted the New Year with the remark that the slump is due to the machinations of a handful of financiers in London, New York and Paris—as though the Stock Exchange were responsible for over-production, and the banks—which cannot lend their money—drew their profits from a slump.

Mr. Graham, on the other hand, thought that things would soon be better, and descried signs of returning prosperity on the horizon. His sight

must be keener than that of most business men; for almost without exception I hear of falling orders, reductions of staff and salaries, and economies in equipment and administration. This must make for further contraction of spending power, which must, at least for a time, defer any return of general prosperity.

The latest unemployment figures are the only effective comment on Mr. Graham's blind optimism. At the end of last year the registered unemployed reached the figure of 2,648,127—an increase of nearly a quarter of a million in a week. This in spite of the Christmas trade, which failed to show its usual buoyancy, and before the Welsh coal stoppage had complicated the position.

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The rumours that when the Electoral Reform Bill reaches the House of Lords the latter will substitute Proportional Representation for the Alternative Vote are, to say the least of it, alarming. Such a move would doubtless put the Liberals in a difficult position, but it would place the Conservatives in an even worse one, for it would pledge the party to Proportional Representation, in which most of its supporters by no means believe. In short, it might be good tactics, but it would be very bad strategy.

Moreover, by precipitating a General Election on a political issue when the country is thinking in terms of economics, it would deal another blow at the Parliamentary system in these islands. How members are elected to the House of Commons matters very little compared with what they do when they get there, and it is the latter point that is interesting the ordinary citizen at present. In these circumstances I trust that the Peers will turn a deaf ear to those who would have them raise any constitutional issue.

The salvation of the Round Table Conference (at least that dilute form of salvation which is all that politicians expect, and usually more than they deserve) is now being sought in a phrase that was unheard of a month ago—Responsibility at the Centre. It means, and is intended to mean, different things to different people, who are all agreed in this game of make-believe, not to ask exactly what it does mean. But everybody knows, though nobody says, that its effect is that, for the time being, Britain will attempt to hold India without governing it. In other words, another attempt to square the circle.

There might be something, though not much, to be said for this policy—if impotence be a policy—if it brought “peace in our time.” But those who know India best are convinced that it will bring not peace but a sword; not the protection of the peasant, but a tyranny in the name of democracy. There might even be something, though again not much, to be said for this policy, if it secured British trade after British rule had in effect abdicated. But again those who know India best are convinced that, even on this lower plane, it will bring not profit but penal control.

The British Government has, as usual, not spoken its mind on India, but Lord Reading has, and it may be assumed that the Government will neither hang behind Lord Reading nor go much further. The general character of the new constitution of India, whenever it may be introduced, can therefore be intelligently foreshadowed.

The constitution approved, subject to safeguards, by Lord Reading introduces a form of dualism into the Government of India—dyarchy being a word of ill-repute is carefully eschewed. All portfolios will be transferred to Ministers responsible to the Legislature, except those of defence, foreign and political relations. These will be administered by the Viceroy, either personally or through official Ministers responsible to himself and not to the Legislature. Special powers will be reserved to the Viceroy to enable him to provide against dangers which have to be contemplated.

He will retain unlimited emergency powers to preserve the peace and tranquillity of India and to issue Ordinances.

In finance, such liabilities as the service of existing debt, pay of officials, pensions and the funds necessary for the army and for the Foreign and Political Department would all be a non-votable first charge upon the revenues. His Majesty's Government would exercise some supervision over future sterling loans and would require the revenue budgeted for to be adequate in their opinion to cover India's obligations.

Subject to these and a few other safeguards, the Liberal Party is prepared to agree to the Government of India being responsible to the Federal Legislature in all domestic matters. In ten years' time, no doubt, the scheme would be found as unworkable as the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, and the whole subject would be raised afresh. Perhaps that is the best that can be expected from this unsatisfactory experiment in constitution-making and “Dominion Status.”

The Italian Government is to be warmly congratulated upon the success of General Balbo's transatlantic flight. It was, indeed, a triumph of organization, and as such reflects the highest credit upon those to whom it owed its inception. In every respect it is in marked contrast with the attempt of the ill-fated R 101 which met disaster, as we now all know, owing to the impatience of Lord Thomson, an impatience which had its origin in political considerations.

Sir John Simon's report, it is believed, is already in draft form, and will be published towards the end of the present month. Whether its appearance will have any political repercussions remains to be seen, but I shall be surprised if any British Government ever again appoints a professional to one of the Service ministries.

The Dean of St. Paul's declaration that the moral character is apt to deteriorate after fifty has disturbed and alarmed many excellent gentlemen who confess with regret to the passing of the great climacteric. It has, I think, pleased the younger generation knocking at the door of promotion, who regard the pertinacity with which old men hang on to their jobs as direct evidence of moral degeneration; but this is not, I imagine, quite what the Dean intended to convey.

From my own limited personal observation, I should have said that the deterioration of character depended on the individual rather than on age, but if there is a time when the moral fibre is apt to decay, it is rather in the early thirties, when the strain is beginning to tell, and the anticipated success shows signs of vanishing over the far horizon. By fifty a man is either made or marred. If made, he is apt to indulge a little in the pleasures of the table, but far more temperately than his parents or grandparents; if marred, he cannot afford these relaxations, but the real damage was done earlier.

10 January 1931

I should be interested to know just what function is performed by the Federation of University Conservative Associations, which is meeting in Birmingham this week. When this body was formed a year ago high hopes were entertained that it represented an effort on the part of the Central Office to mobilize modern thought for the service of Conservatism, but Mr. John Buchan, who inevitably was made one of its office-bearers, at once denied that it had any such ambitious purpose.

On the other hand, I am loath to believe with the Federation's critics that its real object is to strengthen the control of Palace Chambers over the Conservative undergraduates, and to prevent them thinking for themselves. At the same time, it is certainly a curious fact that the oldest, and certainly not the least active, Conservative organization at one university was carefully excluded from the Federation on a mere technical quibble, and that despite the financial aid which on at least one occasion it was able to afford the Central Office itself.

Such treatment would appear to be not only ungracious, but also ill-advised. There never was a time when it was more necessary for Conservatism to impress itself upon the thought of the day than the present, but it will not be done by providing undergraduates with official blinkers made in Birmingham. I hope, therefore, that the Federation will have the foresight to widen both its basis and its scope, and make a determined effort to stop the steady flow of recruits to Labour from the universities.

I am sorry to see that Professor Eddington has succumbed to the temptation of talking about the end of the world; I had hoped he was wise enough, if not old enough, to know better. True, he uses the language of mathematical physics. But on this obscure matter the physicist is not much better equipped than those who take their stand on a literal interpretation of the Apocalypse.

A generation ago it was axiomatic that matter was indestructible. Now all that is reversed, and every physicist holds that the cosmos is steadily petering out—like a limited company whose liabilities exceed its assets every year. (There is some doubt as to the Official Receiver.) But a careful reading of Jeans's last mathematical work shows that he is not quite sure whether creation was instantaneous or if it remains continuous.

If the latter, then there is still some hope that Providence may see fit to carry on, making good the dilapidations on a repairing lease; and until we know this we are not really entitled to talk about the end of all things. Even Professor Eddington, I notice, is not always quite consistent in his treatment of the background of space. It is only fair to warn the amateur that the whole of these speculations are entirely provisional.

A friend has sent me a copy of a lecture on the Personality of English Scenery, which was delivered some months ago by the Earl of Craw-

ford—a plea for the preservation of the countryside by a great lover of beauty in nature, in life, and the arts. The one fault that I can discern in this eloquent and at times exquisite piece of English is that its author, with a modesty that can only be described as perversity, has had it privately printed, and it is therefore not in general circulation.

The English countryside is threatened both by the decay of agriculture—this applies particularly to East Anglia, where large tracts are becoming derelict—and by the spread of the towns, which applies particularly to the South Coast, where Surrey and Sussex are now little more than dormitory suburbs and the agricultural labourer is becoming the mere gardener. The former can be remedied, the latter cannot while London continues to spread.

I could have wished, at a pinch, that Lord Crawford had said something more of the beauty of the coast and the sea; it is strange that one who has so keen an appreciation of visual loveliness should have no word for the little havens whose red and green lights salute the mariner by dusk and dawn. To some of us at least this is far more impressive than our hill-bound lakes, which are little more than glorified ponds. But this note of personal criticism really amounts, I suppose, to a wish that Lord Crawford would enlarge his pamphlet from an impressionist sketch into a book—and make it available for general reading.

This is the time of year to observe the damage done to trees through thoughtlessness or the purely destructive instincts of trippers. Among the "Don't's" compiled by the Men of the Trees Society, the following really ought to be broadcast by the B.B.C.: (1) Don't run along snapping off twigs. (2) Don't start cutting a stick and then leave it. (This makes the tree "bleed.") (3) Don't cut a sapling. (4) Don't cut the bark. (5) Don't build a fire close to a tree; even though not set on fire, the roots may be injured. All these rules are constantly broken.

Marshal Joffre, who died last week at the age of seventy-nine, after a great struggle that spoke of the soundness of his constitution, came of that stalwart plebeian stock that has so often proved the strength of France. He rose to the top, without wealth and—what is more important even in Republican France—without influence, and his imperturbable confidence in 1914 made him world-famous.

ON MARSHAL JOFFRE

BEING SERVED BY HIS PARIS LANDLORD WITH
NOTICE TO QUIT.

THOUGH it was only for some hundred francs
The second time that he was warned to quit
From Paris: yet before by Marne's red banks
The biter of old Joffre was harder bit,
And left his dead in hundred thousand ranks—
Nor ever served the Marshal with his writ!

S. L.

THE UNIVERSITY SEATS

THE proposal to substitute the system of an alternative vote for that at present in force has roused such a storm of controversy that there is a real danger that other aspects of the Government's programme of electoral reform may be ignored, and this particularly is the case with the suggested abolition of university representation in the House of Commons. More than once during the present century the existence of the university constituencies has been threatened, but on each occasion they have been reprieved; this time, however, the attack will be pushed home, and it is for the Conservative Party in both Houses of Parliament to make up its mind whether it is going to fight for their retention.

The arguments in favour of university representation in the House of Commons are numerous, but they are not all equally good. The fact that it has always existed, for instance, leaves us unmoved, and we imagine that it is the same with most other people in this fourth decade of the twentieth century. A more powerful plea for not making any alteration in the existing system is that it is desirable that quality as well as quantity should be represented in Parliament. With this admirable sentiment we find ourselves in complete agreement, but surely it is in the Upper, rather than in the Lower, House that quality should be represented, and if the burgesses of the universities are to represent the aristocracy of intellect in the counsels of the nation, in our opinion they should sit in the House of Lords, and keep company there with other forms of aristocracy. The Conservative Party had its opportunity of carrying a measure of Second Chamber Reform, when the university representatives could have been transferred to the Upper House, but Mr. Baldwin's timidity got the better of him, and so the burgesses now find themselves threatened with extinction altogether.

Twenty years ago, university representation in the House of Commons might have been defended on the score that it brought there men of special distinction who would not stand for the ordinary county or borough seat, but that argument is hardly applicable to-day. With the exception of Lord Hugh Cecil and Sir Graham Little, the status of the present university representatives is not so high as to stir us to go out and do battle for the principle which sends them to Westminster. A numismatist, a London solicitor, an ex-Premier's ex-secretary, and a popular novelist do, indeed, attest the variety of the British graduates' inclinations, but these gentlemen are in themselves hardly a reason for the perpetuation of the system that has made them members of the House of Commons. Even the Central Office would, we imagine, hesitate publicly to defend university representation on the ground that it provides a handful of safe seats for such sound and experienced Tory statesmen as the authors of 'A History of the Peninsular War' and 'The Thirty-Nine Steps.'

On the other hand, if the House of Commons is to be a democratic assembly, as is now inevitable, we do not see how plural voting can be logically upheld in any form whatever. It is no more reasonable that a citizen should be allowed to pos-

sess an extra vote, merely because he has taken a degree at some university, than because he has property in two different parts of the country. Representative Government, as we see it, can be based on one of two principles. The right to vote may be attached to certain qualifications, whether of the mind or of the body, as is the case with female suffrage in Belgium, or it may be implicit in the fact of citizenship. The Representation of the People Act, in 1918, granted manhood suffrage, and seriously curtailed the number of plural voters, and Mr. Baldwin completed its work by giving the suffrage to women on the same terms as those on which men already enjoyed it. In short, the vote is now officially regarded as a right, not as a privilege, and so all forms of plural voting, including university representation, are simply anomalies. We do not say that we consider this democratization of the House of Commons as having been in the best interests of the country, but it is too late to stop it now, and the most statesman-like course would be to balance the democratic Lower House with an aristocratic (in the etymological sense) Upper House.

The old theory that the universities—in those days only Oxford and Cambridge—were represented by their Chancellors in the House of Lords and by their burgesses in the House of Commons is obsolete, as, we were interested to note, Mr. Baldwin tacitly admitted quite recently when he, a commoner, allowed himself to be chosen Chancellor of Cambridge in succession to the late Lord Balfour. That theory dated from the time when the basis of Parliamentary representation was occupational rather than geographical. Interests, not individuals, were represented in the Model Parliament of Edward I, and of that system the university burgesses are the last survival. It may be, of course, that one day we shall turn to this method again, as Italy and Russia have turned to it, but that time is not yet, nor has this possibility anything to do with the point at issue.

In short, we believe in the principle of university representation, but in a reformed House of Lords rather than in the present House of Commons. To put up a fight for the continuance of the existing system is not only to conduct a losing battle but to contend for the perpetuation of a useless anomaly.

THE FRENCH POLITICAL SITUATION

BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE

THE fall of M. Tardieu, the difficulty of finding a successor, the smallness of M. Steeg's majority, and the precarious position in which the new Government will find itself when it faces the Chamber again next week, all make it clear that France is on the eve of another of those periods of continued ministerial crises which have been so prominent a feature of the history of the Third Republic. In the present instance the resulting instability is likely to be more than usually pronounced, for by overthrowing M. Tardieu the Senate has shown that even that august body is in the mood for adventures, while there are several other factors to be taken into account which are by no means making for tranquillity. The health, too, of M. Poincaré would seem to banish all hope that if the political situation becomes as difficult as

it was in 1926, he will once more be available as a *deus ex machina*.

The problems of foreign policy are still found by the vast majority of Frenchmen to be the most absorbing of the day, but during the past few months the differences of opinion as to the way in which they should be treated have become accentuated, and, in consequence, the attitude that France should adopt towards her neighbours is becoming one of the most bitterly controversial of questions at home. Until last summer M. Briand's policy of conciliation probably had the support of the whole country with the exception of the Nationalists, but the nature of the German celebrations of the evacuation of the occupied area, and still more the continued successes of the National Socialists on the other side of the Rhine, have brought about a great revulsion of public opinion. The Left, as in Great Britain, is definitely pacifist, and M. Briand probably finds himself in more congenial company in the Cabinet of M. Steeg than in that of M. Tardieu, but if ever the followers of Herr Hitler obtain control of the Reich, the pendulum in France will swing violently to the Right, and M. Briand will be swept away with everything for which he stands. Already voices are being raised in favour of an extension of the period of military service, and it is certainly no exaggeration to say that the future of French internal politics is almost entirely dependent upon the progress of events at Berlin.

The situation is also under the influence of that manoeuvring for position which always marks the last months of a Parliament in a democratic country. The General Election is due to take place in the spring of next year, and all parties are engaged in a little preliminary window-dressing. On the present occasion a new element, of incalculable importance, has to be taken into account, especially by the groups of the Left. In May, 1928, the Communists polled over a million votes, or eleven per cent. of those cast, but the last three years have witnessed a marked decline in their strength, and there is every reason to suppose that next year they will not receive more than half the electoral support they did at the last General Election. In these circumstances the loss of the Communists is likely to be the gain of the Socialists, who may well have in the next Chamber far more than the 107 deputies by whom they are represented in the present one. Hence the anxiety of the non-Marxian Left to stand well with the Socialists, with whose help they hope to revive the *Cartel des Gauches* after the next appeal to the country.

A new President of the Republic has, too, to be elected this year. In exceptionally difficult circumstances M. Doumergue has done very well, and there is a widespread desire that the National Assembly should either re-elect him or extend his term of office, but he has so far given no indication of his own views. At one time the Right toyed with the idea of placing M. Briand at the Elysée as the one sure method of getting him away from the Quai d'Orsay, but in view of the possibility of the next Chamber being considerably more to the Left than the present one, this course has fallen into disfavour. The Presidential powers, insignificant as they are when compared with those wielded at Berlin and Washington, are yet sufficient to enable a man of the experience and the dexterity of M. Briand to exercise a very effective influence over the trend of foreign policy, and the realization of this fact has cooled the ardour of the Nationalists for this particular manoeuvre.

It may, however, well be that before long all these purely political considerations of the old type will be dismissed by a new economic factor of which France has as yet had no practical experience, namely, the menace of unemployment. The numbers of unemployed, though still comparatively small, are rising steadily, and it is rumoured that it was this cloud upon the horizon that decided M. Tardieu not to make any

serious effort to avoid defeat at the hands of the Senate. Since the war, economic facts have had an unpleasant way of disturbing the calculations of the politicians all over the world, and it would not be surprising if this tendency were now to make itself felt in France. What the effect of unemployment upon the British or German scale would be on the French economic system, with its individualist basis, it is impossible to foretell, but the history of the financial crisis of 1926 would seem to justify a belief that the political system would crack beneath the strain. Then would come the opportunity of M. Tardieu to do in the economic sphere what M. Poincaré did in the financial, and it is a fair assumption that this idea has already occurred to him. How many of these crises the Republic itself can survive is another matter.

Behind all these tactical considerations there is, as in Great Britain, in the country a conflict between the pre-war and the post-war outlook, and with every desire to do justice to his opponents it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the future lies with M. Tardieu in that he incarnates the latter attitude. The development of the resources of France and her colonies, the necessity of national unity, and the relegation to the scrap-heap of the old party shibboleths is his programme, and signs are not wanting that it is making its appeal to the younger generation. It may be some years yet before he wins the majority of his fellow-countrymen to his side, for the Frenchman is disinclined to take the long view where politics are at stake, and he is apt to be more concerned whether his deputy does or does not go to Mass than with what the latter's policy is. First the war, and then the financial crisis, checked the traditional drift to the Left, for, as M. André Siegfried remarked in his recent study of French politics, if the Frenchman's heart is on the Left his pocket is on the Right, and any serious economic disturbance would, as in the days of the Second Republic, cause the country to throw itself into the arms of the first saviour that appeared, and that saviour would almost certainly be M. Tardieu.

The present indications, then, are that the present year will be devoted to political log-rolling on an even greater scale than usual in view of the General Election of 1932, and this will naturally result in a considerable degree of ministerial instability. In particular, the moderate Left will angle for Socialist support, but in such a way as not to alienate the Left Centre, and this consideration is undoubtedly uppermost in the minds of M. Steeg and the members of his Cabinet. On the other hand, further National Socialist successes in Germany and any rapid increase of unemployment will certainly upset these plans, and may result in such a stampede to the Right as the present regime has never yet witnessed.

PERSIAN ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

BY ADRIAN BURY

THE first thing that impresses us after a cursory view of the thousand and one examples of Persian Art at the Royal Academy is its continuity of spirit. From the prehistoric goblets and vases, to the work of the fifth century B.C., right through the Sasanian, Arabian and Mongolian periods, the Persian artist was consistent in his love of design and his passion for colour. If we compare the two Archers and the Winged Bull taken from the Palace of Darius with motives in the later carpets and miniatures, we are conscious that, notwithstanding every catastrophe of time and the infiltration of other races, the Persian attitude towards life and art survives.

Dynasties came and went, civilization ebbed and flowed, whole towns could be obliterated by ruthless

barbarians, yet the Persian tradition is never destroyed. It has its moments of sorrow and doubt, as during the invasion of the Arabs in the seventh century, but it comes again and again to maturity and triumph.

Whatever the real reasons for this longevity, unique in art, and they may never be discovered, the fact that Persia was always contiguous to the great civilizations of China, India, Babylonia, Egypt, Greece and Rome is an obvious factor. She borrowed something from all of them to enrich her own feeling for beauty, but she never suffered their complete decadence and eclipse. When the old world fell in ruins Persia was serene in her culture and secure in her philosophy, however it might be modified.

The art of the Persians is lyrical. It is not human like that of the Greeks, awe-inspiring like the Egyptians, or aggressive like the Romans. It never follows the facts of nature to the ultimate conclusion of representationalism, but seeks a poetic convention, playing upon the infinite themes of form and colour. Everything created is subordinate to the harmony of design. The artist who made a simple pot possessed, in a lesser degree, the inspiration of the great man who planned and sometimes signed a splendid carpet.

Until we have closely inspected the carpets now hanging in Burlington House, we can have no idea of their importance in art. Never before has such wealth of colour been concentrated in so small a space, for these things have been collected from all over the world, and speak with the voice of immortal culture.

The Persians themselves might stand amazed before the essence of their own genius. How much more must we feel the power of an art which was great before the north had felt the warmth of contact with the Mediterranean.

The Oriental carpet has always been an ambassador of beauty between the east and the west, but there is reason to believe that Persia was supreme in this art long before the Christian era. None of these early examples, of course, has come down to us, but the seventeenth-century exhibits at the Royal Academy are masterpieces that fulfil every æsthetic desire, and leave us marvelling at the patience that could weave, perhaps, 90,000,000 knots into one miracle of perfection.

We might spend many hours before such a work as the one numbered 169, analyse its design of animals and figures, identify its subtle colours, ranging from light emerald green to rose, and still be mystified by a vivid quality as intangible and inexplicable as the light of a star in an April sky. And then the even more brilliant carpet numbered 140, in blue, white, crimson and yellow, shines up from the floor with the general effect of a solar ray. This exhibit comes from the tomb of Shah Abbas the Second and was made at Joshaghan, where the weavers migrated for the final expression of their skill before it fell into decline.

Another carpet which is likely to be popular, is the eighteenth-century one from Shiraz, numbered 817. It has the misty blue of the bloom on a grape, but when we look closely at it, the rare design and colour of medallions and lions emerge on the surface as in a dark and magic mirror.

The Velvet numbered 861 has a particular interest in that it is a sophisticated Mohammedan version of the Madonna and Child and was made specially as a gift from Shah Abbas the Great to the Doge of Venice in 1603. There is an effort here to flatter Western taste and the figures have a realistic character which is unusual, and probably inspired by Bellini, whose work was not unknown in the East.

The passage from the carpet to the miniature is direct and logical because the Persian picture retains all the decorative features of the carpet, plus the application of the human figure which found a wider expression as Sufism began to supersede the rigid monotheism of Islam. It is easy to follow the development of colour and drawing from the primitive, but

none the less robust designs, of the twelfth century to the elaborate masterpieces of Bizhād in the fifteenth. With the passing of time, the artists become more courageous and confident. The drawing is as important, as inventive as the story and calligraphy themselves. It is as if the painters had acquired the technique and the authority to compete with the poets in their verbal revelation of beauty, the mysteries of love and life. And Bizhād is no less a poet in line and colour than any of his greatest predecessors in words.

To his work we look for the ultimate expression of the Persian spirit, for there is no detail, even to the facets on a jewel no larger than a pin-head, that does not find him ready with infinite pains to record its infinitesimal form. The connoisseur will take the opportunity of studying the eleven miniatures illustrating Sa'di's "Būstān," because, like Giorgione in the West, Bizhād is now a legend to us and the experts are in perpetual dispute as to the authenticity of his paintings. In the catalogue, the exhibit numbered 480 is a series of drawings which are proved to be his work, but there are many others in the exhibition which, while showing the same character, are only attributed to him.

The "Būstān" series are full of ingenuity of subject and treatment, from the drawing of a man riding on a tiger and holding a snake, to the curious version of Jesus speaking to two men. Here and there is a sudden element of humour, a Drunkard being evicted from the Mosque, and the Man sawing the branch of a tree on which he is sitting, but it is humour of incident rather than of personal sensation. We recognize the oft-told classic, the story of Majnun and Laila's hapless love, in a drawing of Majnun in the desert conversing with a friend. All the figures of men, women and animals, the flowers and trees are observed with a passionate sense of accuracy. The lines never falter. There is nothing hesitant or accidental in these productions. They are the result, from first to last, of the same devotion to finish which brought the complicated carpet into being.

We wonder how Bizhād was thus able to fill so small a space with so many figures, with such a wealth of rich garments and natural ornaments, how it was that he could paint innumerable minute leaves on a tree and distil the very essence of a flower without wearying us with monotony.

There is a miniature, number 482, attributed to this artist. The fact that it is incomplete offers an opportunity to enquire into his method. It shows a picnic in a garden, with musicians. We can see the careful drawing in pencil, ready to be enlivened with tiny brushes containing the exact quantity and consistency of colour. If this is only the sketch for the final picture beside it, we can well realize the care and patience with which Bizhād planned even the least important illustration.

But this perhaps is the obvious secret of Persian art. It is the spirit of all great work, but it is particularly apparent in Persian carpets and miniatures. Bizhād and his forerunners were concerned neither with wealth nor personal fame, but were conscious of a mission as strong as a religious fervour to express the beauty of the world. We learn from Arnold's book, "Painting in Islam," that Khwandamir declared that God was the Eternal Painter and the world was his artistic creation.

We suspect this conviction in the best of the Persian artists, and we also feel that time is of no consequence, but the most exquisite result must ever be sought and attained. For centuries they had the protection, patronage and unlimited wealth of a powerful aristocracy behind them. They had but to live and work, as it were, in a garden, glorifying their rulers and fulfilling their own enviable destinies. Persia, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries, must have been "paradise enow" for the rich.

10 January 1931

A MODERNIST RESTATEMENT II—THE INCARNATION

BY THE REV. J. C. HARDWICK *

MR. GEORGE MOORE, in a recent letter to *The Times Literary Supplement*, concerning his play, 'The Passing of the Essenes,' which includes Jesus as a character, says: "I did not accept Jesus as divine, because He Himself declares in all three synoptic Gospels that He lays no claim to divinity. Nothing can be more explicit than the answer He gives to the young man who ventures to call Him good: 'Why dost thou call me good? None is good but God.'"

I think any unprejudiced reader of the first three, or "synoptic," Gospels (of which the second is the earliest and therefore, presumably, the most historical) must agree that in them Jesus makes no claim to be divine. It is admitted even by conservative scholars that Jesus did not say that He was God. What is certain is that He regarded Himself as a prophet, in the succession of the Old Testament prophets; and perhaps nearly as certain that He regarded Himself as the "Messiah." But as it would require a treatise to explain to the reader the exact meaning of that title to His contemporaries, we have to admit that the word can convey very little to the ordinary man to-day—whether Jesus used it of Himself or not.

But if Jesus did not claim to be divine, the claim was made for Him by the Gospels; though the form in which the first three Gospels make this claim is different from the form in which the fourth Gospel makes it. The first three Gospels represent Jesus as a man who became God—whether at His birth, or baptism, or resurrection. The fourth Gospel, on the other hand (which Mr. Moore correctly describes in his letter as "that beautiful ecclesiastical work known as the Gospel of John") represents Him as a God who became human.

Perhaps, in the case of the first three Gospels, "became God" is not quite the right phrase, for to equate the title "Son of God" with God is historically unsound, and "Son of Man" could still less have meant God to Jewish ears. In Aramaic, the language used by Jesus, the latter phrase merely meant "Man."

Thus the idea that Jesus was a God who became human is due neither to Jesus nor to the three earlier, and therefore more historical, Gospels, but to "that beautiful ecclesiastical work known as the Gospel of John." The first few verses of this Gospel introduce this idea. They tell us that God's "Logos" or "Word"—the agent of creation—"was made flesh and dwelt among us."

Now I said above that it would take a treatise to explain the term "Messiah," and the same remark applies to the term "Logos"; only in this case the treatise would have to be longer, and instead of going back to the Old Testament we should have to go back to Plato. And just as the doctrine of a Messiah was current in Jewish circles, so this doctrine of the Logos was current in Greek circles, and was used by those who had been influenced by Greek thought, whether they were Greeks or Jews (that pre-Christian Jews were familiar with it is clear to readers of the 'Book of Wisdom' in the Apocrypha, and also to students of the Alexandrian Jew, Philo).

* "It has to be remembered," says the Bishop of Birmingham, "that the Church of England is passing through a period of change when it is trying to discover its own doctrinal position." The truth of that statement being self-evident, we have requested one of the acknowledged representatives of the Modernist movement to examine four of the leading Christian doctrines in the light of contemporary thought. The remaining two articles will follow in subsequent issues.

The fourth Gospel, in short, being written for Greek-thinking Christians, whether of Greek or Jewish blood, applied to Jesus a term, and an idea, which would have been unfamiliar to the writers of the earlier Gospels. It was written, we must remember, for men devoid of those Jewish apocalyptic notions, involving a speedy end of the world, with which the idea of a "Messiah" was at this time associated.

It is hardly likely that the term "Logos" was known to Jesus—certainly He never used it either in connexion with Himself or otherwise. On the other hand, the term "Messiah" was familiar to Him, and He probably applied it to Himself. Thus in the fourth Gospel we are moving among ideas, or at any rate, amid a terminology, more remote from the mental outlook of Jesus, than are the corresponding ideas and terminology which we find in the synoptic Gospels. And yet, in spite of this (and this is the important point) the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation certainly rests upon the ideas and terminology of the fourth Gospel rather than upon those of the earlier three. And it must be admitted that the doctrine of the Incarnation finds no place in the teaching of Jesus as reported in the first three Gospels.

Thus if we are going to retain the doctrine of the Incarnation, we must do so on other grounds than that Jesus taught it. It is quite clear that He did not teach it, nor, so far as we can see, do the first three Gospels teach it. It derives, not from them, but from the fourth Gospel. So long as no one doubted that this Gospel was written by John the son of Zebedee it might be held to represent the actual teaching of Jesus. But as soon as scholars began to reject the Apostolic authorship, they entirely changed the situation. (Even an ordinary reader can see that the Jesus of the fourth Gospel is in some important respects a different person from the Jesus of the first three Gospels—so that the two pictures of Him cannot both be historical.)

The doctrine of the Incarnation, then, must not be regarded as something which Jesus taught about Himself, but rather as an interpretation, or valuation, which other people made of Him. Take the case of Copernicus. The valuation placed upon him by subsequent generations was that he was the founder of modern astronomy. He did not teach this about himself, being interested not in himself but in astronomy. So with Jesus. He was called by some the Messiah, by others the Lord of a sacramental cult which conferred regeneration and life by its sacraments, by others the Logos, i.e., the Word, or divine instrument of creation. And as in the case of Copernicus what he certainly did not teach about himself may nevertheless have been true, so in the case of Jesus. He did not call Himself the "Logos," but this particular title may have been a right interpretation or estimate of His significance for mankind.

The trouble, of course, in our case is that this "Logos" idea, as Professor Lake says, "belongs to a general form of thought which is alien to that of the world to-day." The idea of God creating the universe through a sort of instrumental power or demi-god (which is what the "Logos" was for Philo) does not appeal to us; we do not think of things in that way.

Yet if we like to take "Logos" in its Platonic sense as reason or purpose, we might regard it as the agent of creation, in the same sense as purpose is the agent of creation in any of our own human, limited activities. The present article is the incarnation of a purpose in my mind, and the results of the cosmic process may be regarded as the incarnation of the Creator's purpose. From this point of view Jesus, as the ideal man, typifying what man is intended to be in the purpose of God, might be said to be the supreme incarnation of the divine purpose, or "Logos," man being "the crown of creation."

Of course, this view rests upon two premises which cannot be proved. There may be no purpose behind creation at all. There may, as Thomas Hardy appeared to hold, be a blind force behind it all. Purpose may be an "anthropomorphism," i.e., a reading of human notions into what is not human. In this case, of course, all talk of Jesus, or of anyone else, as an incarnation of God's purpose is beside the point. Where there is no purpose, it cannot become incarnate. What does "take flesh" is something quite different from a purpose. But my comment here would be that Christianity does not attempt to prove that the world has a purpose. It takes this for granted, and finds that purpose in Jesus.

The second premise which cannot be proved is that Jesus is the ideal man. If He is not this, the claim that He embodies the divine purpose to any supreme degree falls to the ground. But here again we have something that Christianity takes for granted. It regards Him as anticipating the type of humanity which the Creator had in mind in creating our species—He was "the first-born of many brethren," as St. Paul called Him.

Thus the doctrine of the Incarnation seems to me to express two truths of the first importance—(1) that the world has a purpose and (2) that this purpose was revealed in Jesus, and is still revealed in His spirit wherever it persists in the world. These truths, if they are truths, cannot, I admit, be proved. All that they do is to offer an explanation of the world, and of human life and destiny.

WHY GREECE FELL

BY SIR RONALD ROSS

THE story of how a once mighty civilization, rich in art and culture, powerful in war, mistress of the known world, fell from her proud eminence into decay and corruption is one which will always attract the attention of scientists no less than historians. What were the causes which led to the ultimate destruction of a civilization which set a standard never since equalled? Why is it that that country of the Eastern Mediterranean, famous throughout the civilized world for the glory that was once hers, is now able to maintain, and that with difficulty, hardly more than the population of a large city?

Was it due to those factors such as love of luxury and idleness and pleasure-seeking which follow in the train of rapidly acquired wealth of power, such causes as brought Rome to ruin and may even to-day perhaps be seen at work in our modern civilization of the West?

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

But in Greece was there not some other vital factor, unknown and unsuspected, which sapped the energy and vitality of the nation and hastened and accelerated the decadence?

During a visit which I once paid to Greece I collected sufficient evidence, if not to prove, at least to justify a theory that such a factor may well have been one of the causes of the decline of the Greek civilization, and that factor is malaria. The particular valley which I was called upon to visit was that of Lake Kopais in Boeotia. Malaria there had been exceedingly troublesome and I had been asked to make an investigation with a view to checking the ravages of the disease. Of course to-day the whole bed of the ancient lake is a great plain covered with crops of all kinds. In the course of our work we found that an extraordinary high percentage of the native children were malarious, in some places over 60 per cent. being infected. The infection among the adults was less severe and after repeated attacks they become almost immune.

Altogether about one-third of the people we examined suffered from malaria. Some villages were badly

affected, others less so. I recall how during our search for the breeding places of the malaria-carrying mosquitoes, near the village of Skripou, on the side of the ancient Orchomenos, we visited the beautiful fountain of the Graces, which gushes out of the mountain and spreads in a small marsh near at hand. Here we found the shameless insects desecrating the divine spot. What must have happened when the Graces bathed there I cannot say. We saw only washerwomen, geese and pigs!

When we came to consider the extent to which the disease hastened and accelerated the decline of Greece—for we know from Hippocrates that malaria was prevalent there in 400 B.C.—we should bear in mind the nature of the plague. It does not consist of a single severe attack demanding immediate medical assistance, but rather of a series of comparatively slight attacks, extending over a period of years, and moreover occurring principally in young children. It is indeed essentially one of infancy among the native population, infecting the child one or two years after birth, and persecuting him until puberty with a long succession of febrile attacks, accompanied by splenomegaly and anaemia. Imagine the effects which it would produce on children living here in Britain or in countries with similar climates. It is true children of Northern Europe suffer from many minor complaints, but these are of brief duration and transient. But now add to these a malady which lasts for years and may sometimes attack every child in a village.

What effects did malaria then have on the civilization of ancient Greece? In prehistoric times Greece was certainly peopled by successive waves of Aryan invaders from the North, who made it what it became, who conquered Persia and Egypt and who created the sciences, arts and philosophies which we are only developing further to-day. Those great and beautiful valleys were thickly peopled by a civilization which in some ways has not since been excelled. Everywhere there were cities, temples, oracles, arts, philosophies and a population vigorous and well trained in arms. Suddenly, however, a blight fell over all. Was it due to internecine conflict or foreign conquest? Scarcely, for history shows that war burns and ravages, but does not annihilate. Thebes was thrice destroyed but thrice rebuilt. Or was it due to some cause entering furtively and gradually sapping away the energies of the race by attacking the rural population, by slaying the newborn infant, by seizing the rising generation and especially by killing out the fair-haired descendant of the original settlers, leaving behind chiefly the more immunized and darker children of their captives won by the sword from Asia and Africa?

We have it on the authority of Mr. W. H. S. Jones, of Cambridge, that the depopulation of the Campagna was due to the sudden introduction of malaria by the mercenaries of Sulla and Marius, and we know also that malaria entered and devastated the islands of Mauritius and Reunion, the infection having been brought in from without.

As Rome may thus have suffered, it may well be that the infection was introduced into Greece about the time of Hippocrates by the numerous Asiatic and African slaves taken by the conquerors. Supposing, as is probable, that the mosquitoes capable of bearing the malaria infection were already present, all that was required to light the conflagration was the entry of infected persons. Once started, the disease would spread by internal intercourse from valley to valley, would smoulder here and blaze there, and would, I think, gradually eat out the strain of high blood.

I venture to suggest this hypothesis, as I have done before in a lecture delivered to the Oxford Medical Society in 1906, immediately on my return from investigating malaria in Greece. I leave it to scholars for confirmation or rejection. Of one thing I am confident: that causes such as malaria, dysentery and intestinal entozoa must have modified history to a greater extent than we conceive.

10 January 1931

THE PLIGHT OF MUSIC

BY S. L. BENSUSAN

THE news that Harrogate is about to abandon its Municipal Orchestra is of considerable and melancholy significance. For the Yorkshire Spa takes the place of a seaside resort to thousands, and the orchestra that achieved an enviable reputation under the direction and inspiration of Mr. Basil Cameron passes from a summer season at Harrogate to a winter season in Hastings, and has, for some years past, redeemed the pleasant, sunny, south-coast town from the reproach of dullness.

Unless some other town, more enterprising than Harrogate, should fill the summer breach, it may be difficult for the Hastings Corporation to assemble the same company of skilled players when another winter comes round, and unless an orchestra is a good one, there can be no excuse for it. I have heard Mr. Cameron's company both at Harrogate and at Hastings, and there can be no doubt that it had attained a very rare measure of efficiency. Yet in sixteen years the Harrogate Corporation appears to have lost £26,000 on good music: hence comes the proposal to substitute a "military" band. Nobody in charge of the town's fortunes would appear to have asked whether the orchestra has not brought to the town visitors who have covered the loss indirectly many times. Why is it that in these years, when the modern marvel that we dismiss idly with the word "wireless" has brought first-class music within the reach of all, there should be a failure to respond to what is good, and a general preference for what is called "military"? Apparently our peace propaganda is ineffective.

The average seaside orchestra is a company of experts, particularly in certain sections. In the company that Harrogate has rejected you may find a violinist or 'cellist who can turn to the piano, or to the harp as occasion may arise. Clarinet, oboe and cor anglais are apparently interchangeable, and any player of the wood wind can substitute a saxophone for his usual instrument. The repertoire is extensive, the rehearsals frequent; the concerts at Hastings number twelve in the week. I believe at Harrogate there were still more.

Audiences, taken as a whole, are depressing. Spas and seaside places hold among the ratepayers a very noticeable proportion of people who have retired from the active business of life. Perhaps they have made sufficient money in business, perhaps they have served the country in India or the overseas Dominions, and are spending the late afternoon and evening of their days in a semi-comatose condition of leisure that is not nearly so pleasant as they thought and hoped it would be. In active pursuit of their lawful occasions they counted for something, in retirement they have joined the ranks of the *fruges consumere nati*. They play a round of golf on the links and a few rubbers of bridge in the club. Endlessly they assert that England is not what it was, and that the Empire is going to the dogs; and in this mood of passive resistance to life they go to concerts, chiefly in attendance upon their womenfolk who, taken by and large, are considerably worse than the men. How many scores among them have I seen reading a novel, or knitting, during the performance of a symphony by Brahms or Beethoven? How many times have I seen them rise incontinently in the middle of a well-ordered programme because the clock has pointed to the tea-hour and they feel it is their duty to respond to the call? The knitting is the worst offence. Probably those who knit are the reincarnated women who sat round the guillotine and numbered the heads that fell into the basket. Their needles record the rise and fall of masterpieces.

The director of a seaside orchestra has the most difficult, the most thankless task. If he gives what are called "popular" programmes, the kind of pro-

gramme that includes the works of Mr. Ketelby and selections from works which, since they lack both comedy and music, are called musical comedies, he will sap the vitality of his orchestra, induce a slackness that nothing can control, and offend the lovers of music. If, on the other hand, he should arrange sound programmes, with work that requires patient rehearsal and the sustained effort of all the players all the time, he runs the risk of being dubbed dull or highbrow by the countless nondescripts who never were on terms with any form of art, but whose shillings and half-crowns are as good as those of any other man. So the conductor is always working in the dark, and, to add to his troubles, he is safe to find in the corporation of any provincial town in England a certain number of gentlemen who exercise a loud voice on the music committee but are innocent of every qualification that might justify the expression of what they would call their opinions. They may and doubtless have had blameless lives while they sold cheese or butter, haberdashery or boots to their own and to the public advantage, but though the esteem of their fellow men has led them to the high places of municipal affairs, this public esteem is poor substitute for a musical education. Yet one may hear them laying down the law as to what a concert programme should be, and when a deficit arises they are prompt to use the words that I think Byron said were the saddest in all the language, "I told you so," and suggest that orchestral music must be abandoned. But, I repeat, the women are worse than the men.

An afternoon concert was at an end at a seaside town and I entertained some friends in the tea-room. A patron of music, one of those who knit, entered with her niece, a sparkling, vivacious girl, and sat at the next table.

"He's a jolly fine conductor, Auntie, don't you think?"

"I shouldn't call people 'jolly fine,' dear," was the chilly reply.

"Sorry, Auntie," replied the niece, "but he is clever, isn't he?"

"I don't know anything about his conducting," replied the knitting lady, without enthusiasm, "but I hear he's separated from his wife, and I think that's dreadful."

All things considered, our south coast puts up a gallant fight. Hastings, with an orchestra of thirty players, can hold its own against wealthier Eastbourne and Bournemouth. Folkestone does a little. Brighton, with its great population, can of course order the best and find patrons for the order, but it is clear that conditions under which the winter resorts are recruited are not calculated to encourage musical progress. It is surprising to think that Harrogate, which is part of the musical North, should have rejected a first-class orchestra that the comparatively unmusical South contrives to support, but it would be idle to overlook the difficulties that beset conductor, orchestra and municipality in catering for the winter seasons, the worst difficulty of all being the low standard of musical education among an elderly and middle-aged leisured class.

In all probability, the position could be considerably improved if every municipality that undertakes to maintain a sound orchestra would arrange to establish a musical club or association for its support. This association might consist, in the first place at least, of students and lovers of music, and there should be free lectures on musical subjects with illustrations, and these lectures should precede the performance of any masterpiece. The direct association between the orchestra and the local musical societies is worth further development, while the interchange of visits between orchestras and conductors undoubtedly helps to stimulate interest. Few people realize how it is possible to go to a seaside concert hall in the winter and, in return for 6d., 9d., or 1s., to listen to a first-class performance for an hour and a half or two hours. The stimulus that such

an occasion affords is all too often dulled by the presence of a large number of people who seek the extraneous aid of the latest novel, or their knitting needles, to enable them to bear the strain, and are clearly not exercising any faculty of discernment or appreciation. Many season-ticket holders who find it incumbent upon them to get value for their money are directly responsible for the lack-lustre atmosphere, and yet their support is vital to the success of the enterprise.

The outstanding truth is that the south coast provides, throughout the winter, first-class orchestral entertainment at ridiculously low prices. One of the best orchestras engaged in this work has been rejected by Harrogate. All along the coast what may be called municipal music is struggling for its life, and yet there is nothing on our littoral that has a better right to live. That is why a big association for its betterment and support, with branches in all our seaside towns, appears to be indicated. For the rest, if Harrogate prefers a "military" band to the orchestra it has enjoyed for years past, Harrogate stands self-condemned.

THE MANACLED MOTORIST

BY LEIGH D. BROWNLEE

I SHALL motor during the coming year—if I motor at all—with fear and care, under an assumed name, in a borrowed car, carrying someone else's licence and several insurance certificates, heavily disguised, and on a private road in a private estate entirely surrounded by high walls and impenetrable hedges.

Frankly I do not know how anyone is going to get away with it otherwise.

The Road Traffic Act, 1930 (20 and 21 Geo. V, ch. 43) burst upon the bemused motorist on January 1. If the average car-owner had the faintest idea of what was in store for him, he would drive to the nearest cliff or precipice and push his accursed mechanically-propelled vehicle over the edge.

From the New Year onward it will be just about as safe to be found in the vicinity of a motor-car as it was recently to be found in Hyde Park. Mr. Morrison is going to "take us for a ride," and on most occasions he will "put us on the spot."

Consider this business of a driving licence. Hitherto a myopic deaf mute, paralysed in most of his limbs and with one foot on the accelerator pedal (hard) and the other (deep) in the local cemetery, has been given, on payment of five shillings, a piece of blue cardboard and the right to charge about the King's Highway like a distraught juggernaut. Those jolly, care-free days are gone—definitely. Applying for a new driving licence, I have just signed a document which is something between a balance sheet and an income-tax return, rendering myself liable to the most appalling penalties if (unwittingly) I have not spoken the truth and only the truth. At the moment I am not subject to epilepsy, but how can I, or anyone, be sure that I shall not so become? I have seen exhibitions of bad driving and colour schemes in motor-coach work calculated to produce an epileptic fit in Mr. Morrison himself. On any Saturday afternoon in summer on the London-Brighton road I can imagine epilepsy becoming endemic as well as epidemic among elderly and comparatively sane drivers like myself.

January 1, 1931, saw the abolition of the speed-limit. Abolition of grandmothers! "Hit her up, boy! Step on it! Give her the gas!" says Mr. Morrison (in effect), "and when my speed cops just chase you clean off the road and into Old Bailey court, you can call it a day!"

In theory and law the speed limit will have gone; that quaint red-flag-before-the-car, twenty-miles-an-hour archaism, observation of which was liable to render one subject to prosecution for loitering, will be no more,

but in its place we shall have a much more subtle and sinister affair. "Dangerous driving"—"careless driving"—these are the new limits.

I do not want anyone to remind me that we had to face the possibility of a charge of driving to the public danger long before the dawn of Mr. Morrison's Motor Millennium. Most of us in the past have had a pretty shrewd idea of what constituted dangerous driving. We have pushed about in traffic as expeditiously but as carefully as possible, and we have barged along the King's Highway, circumstances permitting, just about as fast as the old tumbril would go without bursting. There was a speed limit, of course, but who was going to enforce it on a straight, empty road where the only conceivable danger lay in raising the death-rate among rabbits? And when there is no speed limit we shall say: "It, being dead, yet liveth."

For any speed may be dangerous under the Road Traffic Act, 1930 (20 and 21 Geo. V, ch. 43) as interpreted by this army of "speed cops"; any act or gesture careless. I may consider sixty miles an hour perfectly safe on the long and lonely stretches of the Great North Road; the gentleman in uniform who roars after me, passes me and pulls me up—thanks to his 90-miles-an-hour motor cycle—may not. If I wave to a passing acquaintance, raise my hat to a lady, smoke a cigarette while driving, am I courteous, casual or careless? Nor am I comforted by the information that, in a charge of careless driving, a yet more serious one of dangerous driving may lie. Where carelessness ceases and danger begins no man knoweth—yet.

One consolation emerges. Henceforth no motorist will motor alone. Care and fear will sit on his shoulder; companion him on the driving seat; jog his elbow and whisper in his ear on the loneliest road and darkest night. He will "scrap" no more in friendly rivalry with other users of the King's Highway. That sleek coupé which fancies its paces and asks to be passed, may hold and hide a "speed cop"; that burst of speed which got you by the lordly limousine may be observed, noted down and used in evidence against you.

I am not going to discuss insurance. Nobody can discuss insurance at the moment, safely or sanely, for under the Road Traffic Act, 1930 (20 and 21 Geo. V, ch. 43) its mysteries bid fair to rival those of Mr. Snowden's hobby. Having tried (and failed) to carry a driving licence and "log book" in my car, I can envisage the fate of insurance certificates under similar conditions. Few things are improved by contact with greasy tools, spare plugs, leaking oil-cans, sticky insulation tape, and similar bric-à-brac, and I have yet to learn that the passports issued by our insurance companies will prove an exception.

Drink. Alcoholic beverages. Strong liquor. Here is a dreadful business. "Any person who, when driving or attempting to drive, or when in charge of, a motor vehicle on a road or other public place is under the influence of drink or a drug to such an extent as to be incapable of having proper control of the vehicle, shall be liable . . ." Then follows the death sentence. Experts in the interpretation of this, Clause 15, of the Road Traffic Act, 1930 (figures in brackets as before) explain the italics as follows:

James Jones, having dined well and truly at his club, proceeds to remove his car from a nearby parking place. About him is an unmistakable odour of strong drink, but he is perfectly sober. He gets into the driving seat, but before he can touch a lever, a gentleman in uniform approaches, detects the odour, and informs him that he is in charge of a car while in a Clause 15 condition. The Act, add the experts, can go further. James Jones (dinner as before) climbs into the car to await the arrival of a teetotal friend who has agreed to drive him home. Useless precaution. As owner of the car, he is in charge of it, although without the slightest intention of driving it.

A friend of mine, of very temperate habits, recently drove up to London to attend a regimental reunion dinner; as he garaged his car he said to the proprietor of the establishment: "I am going to a dinner where I shall have to take a few drinks. If you think I am not fit to drive when I come back for the car, do not let me drive it!"

Next year, I fancy, he will do well to tell the proprietor of the garage to lose his car during his absence and to put him in a taxi when he returns.

America has Prohibition; we seem well on the way to it, thanks to Clause 15 of the Road Traffic Act, 1930 (20 and 21 Geo. V, ch. 43).

THE ENTHUSIASTS

By A. W. RUSSELL

LONG before I left New Zealand Arthur Simpson had told me to be sure to look up his brother Lang in London, and so the other day I did. Lang teaches the piano, and I found him to be a little lean hard-bitten man with an iron grip of the fist. We eyed each other a bit and didn't find a lot to talk about, once the subject of Arthur had been exhausted; and after all, I met Arthur last some three years ago, and have never even seen his subsequent wife.

Lang thought it would be polite to talk about literature, and questioned me about the weekly reviews; but since he had read them considerably more than I, the kindly effort was not altogether a success. I offered him a fill of navy cut, his pouch being luckily empty, and that was all to the good; but we still stared at the window.

"H'm. Six . . ." he said dubiously at last. "There's a pub just round the corner. Do you . . . ?"

It is always best to be circumspect when that question comes from someone you have never met before. I replied cautiously, "Well, I can always sink a beer. . ."

"Thank goodness," he said. We went.

Perched on high stools with a handle of bitter each, we studied the bottles and I found a subject; much can be said in comparison of Colonial pubs and beer with English. But another silence came.

"D'you play anything?" he asked abruptly.

"I've got as far as 'Annie Laurie' on the mouth-organ," I answered miserably. He grinned.

"No, I mean games?"

"Oh . . . ! Cricket, of course, whenever I can get a game. But I haven't joined a club since I've been back. You?"

"Rather. I'm pretty lucky that way. I can get all I want down at the school where I am. What d'you do in the winter?"

"I used to play rugger and a bit of hockey, but I can't now. Ankle."

"That's tough luck. I've been out of it some time too—chest. It's a swine, isn't it?"

We studied our respective beers gloomily. I made a move for my pipe and, filling it, cocked an eye at him forlornly and without hope:

"I'm pretty keen on Rugby fives, too. Don't suppose you play, by any chance?"

"Fives!" He brought his head up. "D'you play fives?"

"Whenever I get a chance. It's a great game. . ."

"By juries, I believe it's the finest game going!"

"D'you know, very often I think it is, when I'm not playing cricket? It's about the finest thing there is. . ."

" . . . for getting up a sweat inside five minutes " (we finished the sentences neck and neck).

"Man," he said, "if ever I have a house with a garden, the first thing I'd build would be a fives court!"

"D'you mean that? I've lain awake at night thinking whether I'd build a fives court or a swimming bath

first, and the court generally wins! I have thought of a court you could flood to make a swimming tank, but I doubt if it would be satisfactory. . ."

"Look here," said Lang, "we'll have to have some games when I come up to town at the end of term. I've got the run of the Paul's courts, but I can never get anyone to play with me. And they don't go in for it down where I am. There's only one chap I know who plays, and he's a schoolmaster in Derbyshire. He sometimes comes down for a week in the hols, just to give me a few games, but hell! he can't come often."

"Well, I got home six months ago, hoping to find an old school friend of mine in town with the run of a court, and I find the blighter's got a job in Germany. We seem to be pretty well in the same boat?"

"It's providential!" he said. "Did you play much in New Zealand?"

"One time I played quite a bit. But there's only about three schools there that take any interest in it, and courts are few and far between. They've got some peculiar rules, too. But I came across some really first-chop players from those three schools."

"Ah . . . I'm afraid I shan't be able to give you much of a game."

"Rot. I'm no shakes. My usual fate is to lose ten out of eleven games. But I'd rather lose steadily at fives than win a championship at Wimbledon or St. Andrews. . ."

And so we went on. We talked of our most excellent game for a long time; of the delightful variability of its rules; of three-walls and four-walls; of its rapid sweat-producing qualities; of Hazlitt's thrilling essay on Cavanagh, the famous Irish fives-player, which deserves to be better known; of players we had met.

But it was getting near supper-time.

"Well, here's to the damned good games we're going to have!" I said.

"Here's to them, brother," said Lang Simpson.

"THE HAMMER"

By GEORGE EVANSON

MY job as "local correspondent" took me to the pit village, where the chimney stack of an abandoned colliery was to be felled that afternoon.

I wasn't sure about the time when it was to come down, so I turned into the "Pick and Shovel" to see if I could pick up any news. The rather surly and taciturn landlord told me "he didn't know," so I turned my attention to two old colliers, who were sitting over their beer at a grimy table. One of them, a shrunken old fellow in brass-rimmed spectacles, with a heavy grey moustache and a week's stubble on the rest of his face, was reading out the local paper to his pal, a somewhat younger man, dark, sallow, and pinched-looking. I recognized what he was reading and listened, hoping to get into conversation with them before long. The older man slowly read, "But let my readers remark this: 'Nem-ee-sis'—'Nemesis' must surely overtake the present Government"—

"Yes, and serve 'em right, too," he commented.

"What's Nemesis, Lijah?" asked the sallow man.

"'Defeat,' Tom, 'defeat,' what they've been asking for, for long enough."

Tom thought a bit, in silence, sucking at the stump of a blackened clay. "I don't believe it means defeat," he brought out at length, "if it means defeat why didn't the chap as wrote that there paper say so? No, I don't think that there word *does* mean defeat."

"Well! It makes good sense, don't it?" queried Lijah, nettled. Tom seemed to be still unconvinced.

Lijah turned to me, seeing that I was interested. I was also looking as though I wanted to talk, as much as I could. After blinking at me for a second or so over the top of his glasses, he said:

"Now, sir, as me and my pal here don't seem agreed as to the meaning of this here word Nem-ee-sis; Tom here being not much of a scholar, and me not very well acquainted with furrin languages, perhaps you wouldn't mind telling us what you think."

Thus appealed to, I took up my beer, and readily sat myself down at their table. I explained, as diplomatically as possible, that "Nemesis" didn't always mean defeat, rather that it meant "Fate," "Retribution." I wanted to turn the conversation to the subject of the chimney, but unfortunately Lijah and Tom started an argument about the meaning of "Fate," and I had to listen.

"Aye! that must be it," yielded Lijah, somewhat grudgingly, "'Fate,' kind of serve 'em right like, meaning they're bound to get their deserts. Do you see, Tom?"

"Well!" argued Tom, "I always thought 'Fate' meant what's to be, got's to be: and what's more, mate," he went on, fixing Lijah with his sunken eyes, "nothing can alter it—nothing, as you know, Lijah; that's why most of us chaps don't mind going down the pit. What's to be, got's to be," muttered Tom.

"That's just fatalism," objected Lijah, "and seeing as we're all Christians here"—he included me in a somewhat hesitating glance—"I don't see as we ought to hold to it."

"P'raps not openly," agreed Tom, "yet there's many as does in their secret hearts, Lijah, even you, maybe."

Lijah looked uneasy, but was going to protest, when I put in, with a view to bringing the argument to an end, "I think I see what Tom means; he means 'Fate will work itself out sooner or later.'"

"Aye, that's it, mate," said Tom approvingly, "you've got it." Lijah thought for some moments, then said: "Now I can tell you a story, mind you, that bears on that, and that proves it doesn't happen, not always at any rate. To my thinking there's no absolute rule about it," Lijah paused, and then went on.

"You know that big chimney that's coming down to-night. Tom knows it, of course; and I suppose you do, sir," said Lijah turning to me.

"Yes," I answered, "I've come over here on purpose to see it come down." Anything about the chimney interested me, so I listened patiently. "Now, I can tell you something about that there chimney that neither of you know of," went on Lijah. "But first I must have some more beer."

"Let me," I interposed hastily. When Lijah's and Tom's mugs were duly replenished, Lijah began his story, which was somewhat like this:

"A good many years ago we had a big storm, that blew some of the coping off that chimney, that's coming down this very day, if all goes well, that is to say. Well, seeing as the coping was unsafe, the company sent for a man to put it right. He was a steeplejack by name of Robbins and had a helper with him he called 'Ted.' They both of them climbed up that chimney, and I remember it made me quite sick to see them at it. Howsoever, it's them men's special trade and they don't mind it, no more than we do ours. Then they fixed up a bit of scaffold round the coping and started to put it to rights. Mind you, this job I'm telling you about took some time. Robbins and Ted lodged with my father and we got to know them pretty well. I should have told you Robbins had a dog he always took about with him, and that he was very fond of. As we only had one room for them, Robbins, Ted and the dog all slept together, which Ted didn't like, as the dog wasn't at all clean: I know, as I often cleaned up the mess after him. Well, it wasn't natural for any man to stand this without saying something, and I often used to hear Ted cursing that dog something shocking; but Robbins only laughed and told him if he didn't like the dog's company, he could go and

find lodgings somewhere else. Ted did have a try, but no one else would take him in; you know, we're mostly very shy about strangers round here; and then Ted, when he got a drop of drink in him, was apt to be a bit rough, and soon got his name up in the place about the women. So the three of them had to make the best of it where they were. My dad was glad of the money, so he didn't say anything. One night Ted came in pretty tight and in a black temper; he'd had an argument with some man in the club and wanted to fight, but the rest of the chaps sided against him and threw him out. When he came in, he smelt something under his bed, at least so he said; then he fetched that dog such a kick that he fairly broke its back. Aye! You should have heard the row there was. Robbins went for him straight, but being the slighter man, I believe Ted would have choked the life out of him had not my dad and two neighbours pulled him off just in time. Ted had to sleep out of the village after that, the whole place was agin him. And I never thought any man could have taken on so much about a dog as Robbins.

"And there was the job on the chimney coping to finish. Nice for them two men to be up there all alone, I thought; and after that dog was killed they hardly ever spoke a word to each other. There was about three more days' work to do; taking scaffold down mostly. But just before these two came down for good something happened. Ted was killed, fell down from top to bottom of the stack, such a bloody mess as never was. It was brought in as death from misadventure, later on. But that night as Robbins was putting his tools together in his bass, I noticed he kept looking for something, and I heard him mutter to himself, 'That—hammer! Better where it is, perhaps!' I supposed he must have left it on the top of the stack. But he was very careful and faddy about his tools, always cleaning them up every night and counting them over, and seemed quite fond of them. You know, Tom, how a man gets used to the feel of a hammer."

"I do that," said Tom, readily, "I've seen men spend days rummaging for a tool they've lost, and hardly able to work when they've had to buy a new un. Ah! An old hammer's an old friend, like an old pipe, mate," he said, sitting up and leaning his elbows on the table. "Go on with the story, Lijah. What was this here hammer like, then, you say he might have left on the coping?"

"One of those stumpy ones, with a double square head, and a short haft, like bricklayers use—you know," answered Lijah. "I often used to see it in his bass."

"A man who had a tap with that would never know any more," said Tom slowly.

"That's my meaning, Tom."

Tom paused, then asked, "Do you know anything more about this chap Robbins?"

Lijah continued: "I only know he seemed dazed like at the inquest; but gave his evidence straight enough; that as Ted was starting down, getting clear of the coping, he seemed to turn sick all of a sudden, and lost his hold. It was all so quick, Robbins said, he hadn't time to help him, and had as much as he could do to get down himself. But I know this, that this stack here was his last job as a steeplejack; as after that he took a little 'public' in a place far away from here where my aunt used to live. It seemed he had saved a tidy bit before he took it, and as the house had a good business, he did well, so that when he died he was worth quite a lot, and was one of the most respected men in the place."

"That's my story, gentlemen," said Lijah as he reached for his mug. After a good pull at it, he continued with emphasis: "Now! Now! If I'm right in what I believe to be true about Ted's death, Tom, according to you and this here 'Nem-ee-sis,' this chap Robbins should have had a different end to that."

Tom was the first to speak. "Your story don't prove much, Lijah, after all, and why didn't you say something at the time?"

"I was afraid of getting myself into trouble, as many lads of ten would have been," answered Lijah.

"Least said soonest mended," I put in.

"That's it," said Lijah. "We're pretty close in this village as a rule, too."

"Well, I don't blame you," said Tom, "but tell me this, Lijah. Who did this chap Robbins leave his money to?"

"My aunt told me that," answered Lijah, "as a bit of news, seeing that he had left a good deal more than was expected and that it had made quite a stir in the place. She told me he had left half to the widow and half to his son. The widow kept on the 'public,' and the son took to his father's old trade and I've heard does very well at it. It's him that's got the job of falling our old stack. That'll bring him in quite a tidy bit—so there you are again, Tom."

Tom was going to make some answer when a crashing roar shook the place we were in. We all jumped up and rushed outside. The first thing we thought of was the chimney. As we instinctively looked towards the place where it had stood for so many years, we found it had vanished. Already clouds of gritty dust filled the air.

"It's come down sure enough," said Lijah, as he hobbled on.

"That's the worst of wasting time talking," grumbled Tom; "if we'd left off sooner we might have seen it."

I had written my description already, so didn't mind so much; but I pressed on with the two old men, to see if there was anything further I could add to it.

As we were hurrying on, an excited lad passed us at the run. "Hurry up, Lijah!" he shouted. "There's been a man killed."

"Eh! Who?" asked Lijah.

"I don't know," the lad yelled back.

We hurried on and found a knot of colliers and their wives and children gathered round the body of a man, lying crumpled up on the ground.

"Is he dead?" they were asking. "Who is it?"

We were forcing our way into the crowd, when the policeman came and told us all to stand back. We could then see the body clearly, and the ground for a few paces round it.

"By gum if it isn't Robbins's son!" ejaculated Lijah, "hit on the head, too, by a brick or summat."

"No brick's done that job, Lijah," said Tom solemnly. "Look yonder!" He pointed as he spoke to a rusty square-headed hammer lying a few feet from the dead man's head.

"I believe you're right, old un," said Lijah, as he slowly pulled off his old greasy cap.

Tom said nothing, but did likewise; and as I moved away, I noticed most of the men had uncovered, and that silence had fallen upon them.

IN GENERAL

LET me not seem ungrateful to Professor H. J. Spooner. On the last Sunday of every year he obligingly publishes a most convenient list of the centenaries which will fall during the course of the next twelvemonth; and by so doing he must earn the gratitude of many journalists with bad memories for dates who must yet keep a weather eye open for these secular celebrations. Long may he continue! But scanning his list this year, I demurred at his description of Henry Mackenzie, who died in January, 1831, as "playwright, who edited 'The Mirror' and 'The Lounger.'" This, without setting up direct comparisons, is almost like describing Mr. Bernard Shaw as "novelist" or Scott as "biographer of Swift and

Napoleon." For Henry Mackenzie had one really outstanding claim to fame—his authorship of 'The Man of Feeling.' He published that novel in 1771, at the age of twenty-six, and its success was such that he himself enjoyed the sobriquet of the Man of Feeling throughout the remaining sixty years of his long life. Who remembers his plays—'The Prince of Tunis,' 'The Shipwreck, or Fatal Curiosity'? Fewer even than ever browse among his periodical essays in the 'Mirror' and 'Lounger'—though these are far more readable. No: Henry Mackenzie's centenary must be observed, primarily, as that of the author of the novel of his youth, and in a lesser degree as that of a figure prominent in the Scottish literary world of the age of Burns and Scott. For the rest, if Professor Spooner will take my word, he is dead.

But make no mistake—'The Man of Feeling' still has power to attract anyone interested in the eighteenth-century cult of sensibility. Nor has the book ever really been left to die, as the record of Mackenzie's bibliography shows: its circulation during its first three editions, between 1771 and 1775, was very large; it was widely translated abroad; and since then there have been reprints dated 1800, 1805, 1808, 1810, 1820, 1823, 1851, 1863, 1886, 1893, 1906, and 1928. And I, for one, can agree with Mr. Hamish Miles, who edited the last reprint, when he says that Mackenzie, with this novel of his nonage

encountered a sudden celebrity which he never altogether lost. But that celebrity must be accounted not so much to the intrinsic merits of the book, as to the fortunate conjunction presiding at its birth. Its blend of high-keyed sentiment and honest moralizing satisfied a taste which had been quickened by Sterne and by Richardson. In neither element could Mackenzie rival his masters; but his pen held charm enough to captivate those who could not perhaps distinguish unerringly a work of imitation from one of true originality—and enough to allow his story even now to yield its gentle pleasure to a sympathetic eye.

The book is perhaps the most lachrymose in standard English literature—the modern eye would indeed have to be "sympathetic" to force up even one tear for the hundred it certainly did force up in the book's heyday. Its hero, the youthful Harley, had attained a pitch of sensibility which now seems definitely comic—or pathological. Indeed, when Morley edited the book in 1886, he found amusement in providing an "index to the tears shed (chokings, etc., not counted)," and displayed such entries as:

Eye met with a tear. . . . p. 127

Tears, face bathed with. . . . p. 130

Drooped one tear, no more. . . . p. 131

Tears, press-gang could not refrain from. . . . p. 136

And all these manifestations of feeling and sensibility and sentiment (to analyse the shifting values of these words is to analyse a very curious trend of eighteenth-century taste) were brought about by the very mild and gentlemanly adventures of Harley.

The book opens on a note that unmistakably recalls the author of the 'Sentimental Journey':

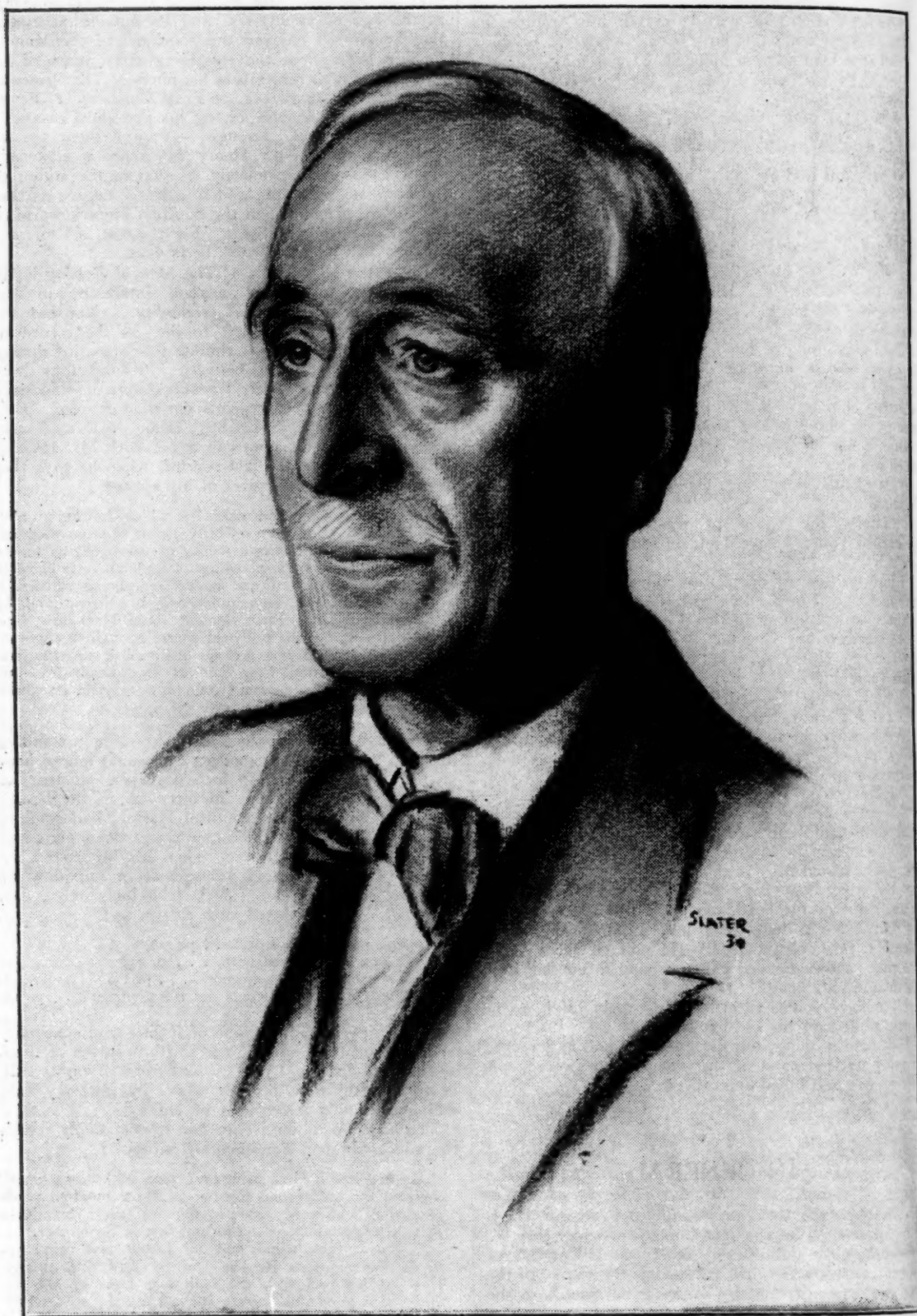
My dog had made a point on a piece of fallow ground, and led the curate and me two or three hundred yards over that and some stubble adjoining, in a breathless state of expectation, on a burning first of September.

It was a false point, and our labour was vain: yet to do Rover justice (for he's an excellent dog, though I've lost his pedigree), the fault was none of his, the birds were gone: the curate showed me the spot where they had lain basking, at the root of an old hedge.

I stopped and cried Hem! The curate is fatter than I; he wiped the sweat from his brow. . . .

But Mackenzie has other claims to attention than his fiction. He was the first writer of standing to draw attention to Burns and he introduced Scott to German romantic literature.

QUINCUNX



SIR WILLIAM LLEWELLYN
(President of the Royal Academy)

THE THEATRE SO-SO

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Follow a Star. A Musical Comedy. Winter Garden Theatre.
Cochran's 1931 Varieties. The Palace.

LAST week I was invited to two theatres only, the Phoenix and the Winter Garden; and because both invitations were for the same evening I had to choose between them. One was a play in Hebrew, acted by the Habina Players; the other a revised version of a musical comedy, the revision having been necessary by the substitution of Miss Maisie Gay for Miss Sophie Tucker.

Without much hesitation, I decided to go to the musical comedy. The Habina Players have an international reputation, and I do not for a moment doubt that they deserve all the flattering things that various distinguished personages have said about them. But it happens that I personally am unacquainted both with the Hebrew language and also with the play which was acted on the night for which I was invited. It seemed obvious, therefore, that whatever æsthetic pleasure I might possibly derive from the performance, or whatever boredom I might suffer, I was utterly unqualified to criticize either the play or the players. I am quite aware that many of my colleagues are sufficiently gifted to be able to recognize fine acting (though not, apparently, bad acting), even when completely ignorant of the language used by the actors. Personally I lack this precious gift. And had I gone to see the Hebrew players at the Phoenix, though I might have been moved, or stirred, or thrilled by the figures on the stage, by the sounds they uttered, by their gestures, and so on, I should not have had even the remotest idea whether these sounds and gestures were appropriate to the sense of the lines they spoke—or, in other words, whether they were acting well or badly. And so I went to see 'Follow a Star' at the Winter Garden.

I found the first half dull; indeed, had I paid for my seat and not been there on duty, I might possibly have left the theatre during the interval and not returned. Luckily, however, though the fiend was at my elbow saying "Use your legs, take the start, run away!" my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, said very wisely "Budge not!"—wisely, because the second half was not merely better than the first, but incomparably better. The scene of Act One had been a New York cabaret; and a New York cabaret without Americans is rather like a New York speakeasy without alcohol. Mercifully, Act Two was laid in the familiar setting of a musical comedy country house, and everything became conventional and competent. True, Miss Maisie Gay seemed still to be struggling to make something out of such remnants of Miss Sophie Tucker's part as had survived revision; but Mr. Baskcomb was funnier than I, at any rate, had ever seen him, and Mr. Jack Hulbert, who had been spasmodically amusing in Act One, was now continuously his entertaining self. The music lacked distinction, but one or two tunes were catchy; and a song (for Mr. Baskcomb) written by Mr. Percy Greenbank was good enough to remind one of the time when he wrote for Teddie Payne and Gertie Millar.

It is often said of critics that they are purely destructive; and so let me venture a constructive suggestion. 'Follow a Star' has been produced by Mr. Hulbert, and badly produced, in my opinion. It is filled with excellent details, but it moves too slowly—especially throughout Act One, which is exactly where, since the scene is America, it ought to move most swiftly. The

truth, I fancy, is that Mr. Hulbert is temperamentally unqualified to act as sole producer of a full-length play. His style as an actor very clearly indicates this incapacity, and his production of this particular musical comedy very clearly manifests it. I therefore suggest that he and Mr. Paul Murray (who jointly present the piece) engage a thoroughly competent, and preferably American, producer to refurbish it.

They tell me that some six or seven years ago the four Marx Brothers did a "turn" of some sort at the London Coliseum, and that the audiences who witnessed them were not amused. They have now returned to London, as the stars of the new variety programme at the Palace; and again (at any rate, when I was present), though the audience laughed considerably, the laughter was by no means of the "helpless" order. And this cannot be explained away as due to an English inability to appreciate American humour, since their success on the talkies in 'Animal Crackers' is at least as great in London as it was when I saw that (to my mind) funniest of all films in New York. Moreover, when I saw them do this very Palace turn as part of a stage-show at an American cinema, the American audience was (to put it very mildly) unenthusiastic.

I had noticed the same thing when the famous "Black Crows" ventured to appear "in person" at a Philadelphian cinema; half the audience walked out during their performance. And the explanation is a very simple and obvious one. For just as you cannot make a first-rate talkie by simply filming a stage-play (as film producers have at last begun to realize), so you cannot make a first-rate variety turn by simply re-enacting ("in the flesh," as Mr. Cochran puts it) a successful talkie. The art of the music-hall is utterly different from the art of the talking picture, and what is most effective in the one is often what is least effective in the other. In the case of the four Marx Brothers (which, by the way, is the fourth?) the situation is made rather worse by the almost insolent carelessness with which the screen-show has been adapted for the stage; the cutting of the talkie-script appears to have been done by a blind man with a pair of blunt scissors. Moreover, I could not help feeling that the actors were heartily sick of their familiar wise-cracks, and that much of their old virtue was gone out of them. They went through some of their "business" rather like performing animals doing their tricks—dutifully, but oh! how joylessly! I have never been able to discover why their talkie was called 'Animal Crackers'; I can see better reasons for calling their stage-show 'Performing Animal Wise-Crackers.'

The infuriating thing is that their turn only just misses being supremely funny. Unfortunately, when a turn has been so boosted as theirs has been, a miss is as good as a mile; and the audience which has anticipated loaves of manna, is naturally disappointed by the eatable but rather ordinary bread which Mr. Cochran offers them instead. Luckily, however, our appetites had been considerably diminished by the long, and in places excellent, menu which preceded them. Perhaps none of the various courses had been really memorable, but there had been plenty of variety—and, thank heaven, nobody sang sentimental songs at the piano! Nor were there any of those monstrous bands, whose instrumentalists make even more distressing noises when they turn momentarily vocalist! Instead, we had some excellent sleight-of-hand; a Japanese juggler; a brilliant wire-walker; a pair of one-wheel-bicycle comedians; a quaint and amusing American pantomimist; a contortionist dancer; one or two other turns, and—best of all—Miss Ivy St. Helier, who gave us three superb imitations: of Miss Gladys Cooper, of Miss Yvonne Arnaud and of an anonymous American lady in a Paris hotel, ordering her "dayjernay" over the telephone.

THE FILMS

THE RETURN OF THE WESTERN

BY MARK FORREST

The Big Trail. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The New Gallery.*One Heavenly Night.* Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The Tivoli.

THE BIG TRAIL, which has been shown for the last fortnight at the New Gallery, marks with 'Billy the Kid,' which appeared at the Empire during Christmas week, the revival of the Western picture. This type of film is a great favourite with many people and it can be argued that the love story, which as a rule is thrown in to placate the mob, is no more banal here than serves for any other type of picture. Both 'Billy the Kid' and 'The Big Trail' are spoilt by the inevitable "tenderfoot" woman; in the former case her inclusion is unhistorical and out of key with the character of the famous outlaw; in the latter the picture loses its power owing to the triteness of the situation. Apart, however, from this criticism there is much for which to be thankful. Both in 'Billy the Kid' and 'The Big Trail' the studio has been left behind with the result that there are some fine panoramic views. In the latter film Mr. Lucien Andriot—who is responsible for the photography—has concentrated upon such incidents as a buffalo hunt, the fording of a river, an Indian massacre, the lowering of the wagon train over a precipice and the bogging of the expedition to obtain his best effects. There are many comprehensive "shots" of beautiful scenery.

The journey begins on the Missouri and the direction is anywhere Westward. As far as I can gather no particular event in the history of American pioneering is the theme of the film, but I understand that over 4,000 miles of country were covered by the company to obtain the effects. The cast is a numerous one, though the acting, with the exception of Tully Marshall, as the "old timer," is disappointing. Tyrone Power, as the chief villain, overacts to such an extent that it is difficult to understand why the rest of the 575 pioneers did not shoot him before the expedition started. John Wayne makes the hero a colourless young man, and Marguerite Churchill, who provides the love interest, lacks personality.

Evelyn Laye's first appearance in a talking picture has been much heralded, and as far as she is concerned there is not much that is disappointing in 'One Heavenly Night,' which is being shown at the Tivoli. She has been produced under the supervision of Mr. Goldwyn and is directed by Mr. Fitzmaurice; between them they have succeeded in getting the very best out of her looks and her voice. In making certain of doing this, however, it seems to me that John Boles has suffered. His tenor voice is well recorded, but he has been sacrificed in many of his scenes with Evelyn Laye. Lilyan Tashman gives a spirited performance as the star performer in a Budapest café and Leon Errol provides a certain amount of comedy which is worked out on well-worn lines. The story itself is so ordinary that one constantly finds one's self wondering why Mr. Goldwyn took the trouble to engage Evelyn Laye to play in it, and it is to be hoped that if she appears under the same management again, a better vehicle will be provided for her.

Both 'The Big Trail' and 'One Heavenly Night' are preceded by a new Mickey Mouse cartoon. The latest adventure of this creature is entitled 'The Picnic,' and Mr. Walt Disney's fertile brain shows no signs of deterioration. At one time a tendency to excessive vulgarity was in danger of spoiling the best pictures on the screen to-day, but from 'The Picnic' it seems that the tendency is diminishing.

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS
NEW SERIES—XV

The success of the Keats competition (on which the Judge's report is printed below) emboldens us to try another and perhaps still more ambitious experiment.

In the year 1797 the poet Coleridge dreamed a poem of 200 to 300 lines; the story is well known of the manner in which he was interrupted in its actual composition, with the result that 'Kubla Khan' remains a fragment to this day.

The published fragment runs to 54 lines, and we ask our readers to complete it by the addition of 200 to 250 similar lines.

The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a First Prize of Twelve Guineas and a Second Prize of Ten Guineas for the two best entries.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym and to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope. All entries must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found on another page of this or a subsequent issue. Every effort will be made to return contributions if a stamped addressed envelope be sent, but the SATURDAY REVIEW can accept no responsibility for MSS. lost or delayed in the post. The Editor's decision is final.

In view of the difficulty of the task, the closing date of this competition will be deferred until Monday, April 6, and it is hoped to announce the result early in May.

RESULT OF COMPETITION IVA

JUDGE'S REPORT

Of the twenty poems sent in [completing Keats's 'Eve of St. Mark'] the authors of only five avail themselves of the clue to the story given by Mr. H. Buxton Forman in his critical edition of Keats's Works (vol. iii, p. 7). Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in a letter to Mr. Forman, quotes the following account of the legend from 'The Unseen World' (Masters, 1853, p. 72):

It was believed that if a person on St. Mark's Eve placed himself near the Church-porch when twilight was thickening, he would behold the apparition of those persons in the parish who were to be seized with any severe disease that year, go into the church. If they remained there it signified their death; if they came out again, it portended their recovery; and the longer or shorter the time they remained in the building, the severer or less dangerous their illness. Infants, under age to walk, rolled in.

Now it is probable that Keats had read or heard some earlier account of this superstition; hence his choice of the "Minster Square" for the setting of the story. Bertha could either have seen the "arched porch and entry low" from her window or could have slipped across in the dusk. That the legend had a personal bearing on the poet's own case is suggested by a passage of a letter to Fanny Brawne: "If my health would bear it, I could write a Poem, which I have in my head, which would be a consolation for people in such a situation as mine. I would show someone in love as I am, with a person living in such Liberty as you do."

These hints and surmises are skilfully utilized by Damon, to whom, I suggest, the First Prize of Ten Guineas should be given. Aries, with a dramatic use of the same legend, is only a little less skilful in the management.

It is not, of course, upon the narrative alone that I base my judgment; on the contrary, felicity of phrase and mastery of metre I take to be of more consequence. Both Damon and Aries have contrived to get that limpid flow, that easy *enjambment* of the tetrametrical couplet, and the frequent equivalence of trochee and

anapaest with the staple iambus which together give the musical, running, glancing quality—like a mountain brook—characteristic of the metre as Keats used it. As, for example, this passage from *Aries*:

Moon-still, ghost-pale, with looks intent,
Bertha awaited the event.
Startled, she heard the night-bird call:
The gargoyles on the ancient wall,
Moon-embossed, with shadows weird,
Hideously alive appeared.

Almost equally good, in metrical felicity, is the completion by *Pas Encore*, which I would put third, as for example:

The lute, the swaying of the dance,
The sweet disquiet of a glance,
The broidered robes of colours rare,
The chaplet or the flowing hair;
All things that life but seldom gave.
Between the cradle and the grave
To one like her, not rich or great,
But gentle in her sober state.

As for the others, *Blue Bird*, *Hutch* and *Morganwg* tell the story, but their verse is weak; *Noel Archer* writes some well-rounded lines, but the vision of *St. Mark* does not make a plausible ending; *Moriendo Vivo* imagines an elopement and works in a description of *Venice*; *Trident* invents another story; *Candida*, *Iva*, *Elba*, *Chauve Souris*, have some good lines but vague intention; *Marguerite* expresses a religious ecstasy outside the character of poem and poet; *Salamis* tells the story of the martyrdom of *St. Mark*; *Calvies*, *Rozanne*, *Lambda*, despite occasional felicities, are out of the running.

FIRST PRIZE

At Venice

where the Relics lie
Hid 'neath the golden panoply.
And here, the saintly legend saith,
Such wonder is that after death,
Aye, ages after, miracles
Are wrought by faith and woven spells
Whereby a mortal mind may look
Into the future's riddle-book.

And Bertha sat in long surmise;
The book before her eager eyes
Faded at length and nought could show
In the dim firelight's sunken glow.
She let it then unheeded slide;
Her hand was at her snowy side,
All her bright ringlets backward toss'd,
As, trembling, to the chest she cross'd
In dark attire of cloak and hood
A moment lingering she stood
Beneath a chain-droop'd lamp whose ray
Shed flick'ring light upon her way.
Then, murmuring a pious prayer,
Light-foot she stole into the square,
Flitted, a shadow faery-small,
Along the Bishop's shelt'ring wall.
She hath no need of star nor torch
To find the arched Minster-porch,
Reads with soft fingers in the gloom
The stony saints, the carven doom,
Where imps, all hell-bound in their boat,
Upon unmoving ripples float.

Dusk had thickened; all was still,
April airs blew sweet and chill:
Charmed now, despite of fears
Bertha through the darkness peers.
First a beldame, mumbling, weak,
Shuffles past her, greyed of cheek;
Hardly can her palsied lips
Tell the rosary that slips
From her wither'd hands. Now light
Running comes a childish sprite.

Bertha, silent, searches long
'Mid the phantom-forms that throng,
Now with laughter, now with groans,
Crossing swift the footway stones
From the dim-seen Minster-gate
To the porch; and she their fate
Reads by new-learn'd, magic lore:
Those who enter and no more
Come again are doom'd to die,
Stricken, ere the year is by.

Not for these her roving eyes
Sought to pierce the mysteries:
She was come to try the spell
For one youth who lov'd her well,
Adonais on whose brow
Anguish'd fever burned now.
Would his wraith, this holy Eve,
Enter by the porch—and leave?
To *St. Mark* sweet Bertha pray'd
For his life, poor, heedless maid!
Bygone hours with him sweet-spel'd
Brought her now a pang of dread.
For his fervent love had pleas'd,
Though she flouted it or teas'd,
Aye, the panting miseries
Of his curious poesies;
But to-night her flatter'd sense
Half dissolved in penitence.

Lo, he comes, a phantom lone!
Bertha lean'd and made sweet moan.
Adonais' eyes intent
On that carven door were bent:
She beheld a fire in him
Light the soul with splendours dim.
Now the April night, so calm,
Shed her beauty down like balm.
Perfume she, so cool and hush'd,
Gave him, as of may-buds crush'd
In faint bosoms. Now there shone
Silver for Endymion
The Queen-Moon, her fay one star,
And there came, from woods afar,
From some Dryad of the trees,
Requiem to do him ease.

Sunk to nothingness was fame,
Love too, for he slowly came,
Saw no maid with heaving breast
And soft hands together prest;
Vision-haunted, pass'd her by
With his demon, Poesy.

Nor to Beauty gave he heed,
Seeing Death as Life's high meed.

On then, through the portal dark;
Bertha still besought *Saint Mark*,
Waited long and wept full sore:
Adonais came no more.

DAMON

SECOND PRIZE

At Venice, is the maiden brought
On halcyon wings of willing thought.
The incense winds a fragrant shroud
Mist-grey about the columns proud;
Alternate psalm and sanctus-bell
Vibrate like ocean in a shell;
The glory of the saint is told
Beneath his canopy of gold,
Where emerald and sardonyx blaze,
Chalcedony and chrysoprase. . . .
Till the old clock in the hall
Must take upon himself to call
The rapt soul from her fleeting heaven,
With silver homilies eleven.

Bertha obediently forsook
 The sacred wonders of her book—
 Its lore was now her armour bright
 To brave the vigil of the night.
 Scarce had the clock with final stroke
 Dismissed the air, before her cloak
 She donned, and crept into the street,
 That silence held in thrall complete;
 Save when the wind employed the trees,
 Producing tragic harmonies.
 Though still unseen, a glory blessed
 The fleecy cloud-banks of the west;
 And when the Minster-gates were reached,
 Suddenly all the grass was bleached,
 As if the moon herself would fain
 Behold the melancholy train,
 That eyes unveiled by faith perceive
 Upon Saint Mark, his holy eve.
 For then the souls that Death shall pick
 Must leave their bodies warm and quick,
 And to the House of God repair,
 For ghostly ritual and prayer;
 And some depart at cock-crow; these
 Death, for a season, shall release;
 Others return no more—alas!
 For those within the year must pass.
 Moon-still, ghost-pale, with looks intent,
 Bertha awaited the event.
 Startled, she heard the night-bird call:
 The gargoyles on the ancient wall,
 Moon-embossed, with shadows weird,
 Hideously alive appeared;
 The wind in stony aisles remote
 Whimpered with a martyr's throat—
 But ghostly vision came there none
 Before Saint Mark's Day had begun.
 With feet dejected Bertha stole,
 Chilled in body as in soul,
 With her cheated ecstasy
 And her unsolved mystery.
 Suddenly from the shadows came
 A voice that called her by her name—
 "Ah, cruel, cruel trick to play
 Upon your lover's fond dismay!"
 She felt his burning fingers clutch
 Her own, as nothing save that touch
 Might witness truth and sain his rue.
 "Oh heartless one, if you but knew
 My anguish, when I saw you pass
 To church, across the moon-drenched grass!"
 "You saw me? I went in?" she tried
 To smile, but all the rosy pride
 Fear banished from her down-soft cheek.
 Then (futile quest!) as if to seek
 Pity from Death the merciless,
 She hushed her lover's fatal "yes."
 "But soon departed?" ('Twas her dread
 That spoke). . . . "You stayed within," he said.

ARIES

RESULT OF COMPETITION XIB

JUDGE'S REPORT

Apparently the poets have no great belief in disarmament, or else "arms and the man" are easier to sing. The entries, on the whole, were distinctly disappointing in quality, and only those of J. H. and T. E. Casson are worthy of special mention. The First Prize is awarded to Gertrude Pitt. No Second Prize is awarded.

SPIRIT OF IRONY ON THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE

The curtain falls on yet another act
 Of that interminable, futile farce
 Geneva stages. I am moved to mirth,
 Remembering that after ten long years'
 Lip-service paid to Peace, the nations still

Neglect their obvious duty to disarm.
 Great Britain cries, "Without disarmament,
 There's no security." Suspicious France
 Will not disarm without security.
 Thus, groping tentatively, they maintain
 A vicious circle spun-of verbiage,
 And in five years the Draft Convention's brought
 To painful birth in nine and fifty parts,
 That serve, not to reduce the armaments,
 But stabilize them! Meanwhile, operant
 Is stealthy War, nor knows an armistice;
 America behind great tariff-walls
 Has prisoned Peace, and all the trumpet-blasts
 Are blown for her deliverance in vain;
 As fierce battalions took the field of yore,
 Bank balances can devastate to-day.
 How easily an economic war
 Becomes a sacrifice of blood, the blind
 And nescient Will prepares for souls terrene,
 According to the Plan Predestinate,
 That permeates as one web the weltering whole,
 And moils for man's effacement endlessly!

GERTRUDE PITT

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

FASCIST METHODS OF JUSTICE

SIR,—In your editorial note in the SATURDAY REVIEW of January 3, concerning the trial of anti-Fascists in Italy, you state that "even a professor is entitled to a fair tribunal and a quick and public trial." The Special Tribunal may be severe—and persons who would, if they could, plunge the country into civil war hardly deserve particularly lenient treatment—but it is fair and its procedure is rapid and public. As its records prove, whenever the evidence seems inadequate, sentences of acquittal are pronounced. At a recent trial of eight persons, five were acquitted because the evidence was regarded as insufficient or because the accused did not appear to have acted with criminal intent.

The prisoners are not defended by officers, as the signatories of the appeal seem to believe, but by eminent counsel. The procedure of the Tribunal is far speedier than that of the ordinary courts; it was, in fact, created partly to speed up the trials of revolutionaries, and anti-Fascists complain that it is, if anything, too speedy. Although the President may, as in the case of any other Italian Court, try cases in camera, this has never yet been done at the Special Tribunal, and, indeed, its proceedings are given the widest possible publicity.

Perhaps if some of the signatories of the appeal to which you allude had not been persons of notorious Bolshevik sympathies who never said a word in favour of the victims of Soviet persecution—wholesale executions without trial—the sincerity of their action would have been more obvious.

I am, etc.,

1 Chester Terrace, N.W.1

LUIGI VILLARI

THE FUTURE OF THE PEACE TREATIES

SIR,—In replying to your editorial entitled 'The Future of the Peace Treaties,' let me remind you that the signatories to the Versailles Pact promised to disarm when Germany disarmed. There would be no need for the huge fortifications that Belgium and France are building to enable them to hold German territory obtained in violation of the principle of self-determina-

tion if the boundaries of Europe had been revised along race lines. Until that is done it is futile to talk about peace. If this had been done, that part of Alsace-Lorraine which is German would have been ceded to Germany.

I hold no brief for the Germans. I do hold a brief for the Goths. It happens that the Germans are a branch of the Gothic race, the same as England and Belgium, and any injustice done to either will react eventually against the best interests of all.

Your statement that "the whole course of modern history shows that if Germany were given an inch she would demand a mile" borders on the ridiculous. Nothing can be further from the truth. To make such a charge against a nation that is criminally congested comes with bad grace from a nation that is gorged with land. In asking you to help correct the boundaries of Europe along race lines let me say that I believe that Sweden is the most civilized nation in the world. Not only because of the way Sweden manages national and municipal affairs but because she amputated Norway without blood. Sweden set the world an example of the peaceful adjustment of something that even most conciliatory statesmen think is beyond the possibility of arbitration—national honour. Sweden gained honour by concession.

I trust the example of Sweden will prove to be a good precedent to each family of Goths. Understanding ought to be attainable among nations bound by ties of kinship. For this reason there must be a Gothic League. To end war among Goths is feasible. To end war in the world is taking in too much territory and taking too much for granted. Hence the futility of a League of Nations. The Goths eventually will be obliged to gang together for self-preservation—if eventually, why not now?

I am, etc.,

Kansas City, Missouri

H. D. KISSENGER

[We print Mr. Kissenger's letter with pleasure, but he appears to have seen only an extract from the article from which he quotes. The actual sentence was not that in our opinion if Germany were given an inch she would take a mile, but that "the great body of French and Polish opinion was that the whole course of modern history goes to show that if Germany be given an inch she would demand an ell." For our part, we disagreed with that attitude, and concluded that "we consider a modification of the Peace Treaties in some form to be inevitable, and that at no distant date."—Ed. S.R.]

TREATY REVISION

SIR,—Since the world war came to an end there has been no essential improvement in the economic condition of the world, and although the great changes which took place in the economic relationship of the United States and also of the Russian Empire with the rest of the world are largely responsible for the present situation, the unsolved Central European problem adds as much to the gravity of the present state of affairs.

In the centre of Europe there are between fifty and sixty millions of people living on the territory of the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy and the general impoverishment of the population has reached such a low level as to be far beyond the imagination of the public opinion in this country. The consequences present an ever-growing figure of the unemployed in nearly every country, and an even further lowering of the standard of living among the great masses which threatens us with grave social troubles and, in the minds of many observers, even with the monster of a new war.

To avoid this is the duty of every civilized nation, and we have to find new methods instead of those applied hitherto, so that we may see a safer way towards economic reconstruction. Post-war methods

have been extreme nationalism, the strengthening of the militaristic spirit and the oppression of national and religious minorities, which, individually and collectively, result in mutual suspicion and a tendency to prevent economic reconstruction instead of whole-hearted co-operation. The last ten years prove that the various economic conferences were unable to solve the economic crisis of Central Europe, and quite recently the commercial negotiations between Czechoslovakia and Hungary broke down. Further, the steps undertaken to disarm the former "victorious" Central European countries have brought no results, and finally none of the agreements for the protection of national minorities has been carried out. These facts prove that the future of the Central European nations has been placed on an unnatural and unhealthy structure by the Peace Treaties.

The solution is a revision of the Treaties. Certain circles, indeed, maintain that revision may commence new turmoils and tear up healing wounds. But is there not a need for a second operation unless we wish to be prepared for the worst? Is it not better to perform such an operation while the nations interested feel bound to recognize the authority of international organizations and the public opinion of the great nations of the world?

Take the case of Hungary, where the tendency towards a revision of the Peace Treaty is perhaps strongest. Hungary has lost seventy per cent. of her former territories and more than half her pre-war population. The Hungarians are aware that, having lost a war, they are bound to bear certain consequences, but they think that the new boundaries cut altogether too deep into the body of their country and the new provisions make it virtually impossible for them to restore their economics and finances. This is the reason why they want a peaceful revision, by which they hope to regain about two millions of their own race, which would involve but small territorial changes, since these people live next door to the Trianon boundaries. In addition, they want a plebiscite for the rest of the ceded territories: this was promised them at the armistice, but this promise has never been complied with.

A peaceful settlement on such a basis would greatly assist to eliminate the minority grievances. It might lead to real disarmament, and create an atmosphere between four Central European countries—Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia—in which the desired economic co-operation would become possible among more than fifty million people.

Another argument urged against such a revision is that Hungary would not be satisfied, and that she would wish to extend her frontiers to their pre-war state. The answer is that arrangements could be made by another Locarno Treaty, whereby the boundaries could be mutually guaranteed, and the countries of the Little Entente and also the League of Nations would be in a position to see that those guarantees would be carried out.

Such an arrangement would create a strong neutral state and a friendly block of countries in a part of Europe where stability is needed more than anywhere else. We are still facing a Bolshevik peril, and also a tendency towards the extension of the political and economic hegemony of the German Reich, which might mean an easy absorption of the Central European countries. It is hardly imaginable that a Slav Czechoslovakia and a Slav Yugoslavia would oppose strongly such a tendency, while Rumania alone, with her many millions of national minorities and economic difficulties, would hardly be able to resist such a powerful alliance.

I am, etc.,

IVAN HONDOSY

(London representative of the Hungarian Society of International Affairs)

102 Westbourne Terrace,
Hyde Park, W.2

RUSSIAN SPELLING

SIR,—I have a tremendous bone to pick with you. In my recent letter about Russia, her peasantry, Isvolsky, Dr. Dillon and Dostoieffsky, you printed the name of the last mentioned (the great Russian novelist) as here written, viz., with two "f's"—why I do not know, for I could not believe I had written it so in the original. On getting my carbon copy from the typing bureau I find, as I expected, that I wrote the name as it should be written, with a "v" in the middle.

It is true that in his recent book Dr. Dillon does print this famous Russian name with two "f's," but there is no warrant for such a procedure, all the less so as Dr. Dillon is a professional philologist and linguist. As a correspondent ("Tournebroche") wrote in your columns four or five years ago, there is even no warrant for the convention of finishing off Russian names (for English readers) with two "f's." I do not claim to possess "Tournebroche's" evidently encyclopædic knowledge of the Slav languages, so I have tried to model my spelling of Russian names on what he said at that time. For instance, as a concession to the "convention," I finish off my Russian names with a single "f" and not with two, as is done so frequently and so unnecessarily.

I am, etc.,

J. C. MACGREGOR

WANTED—A COUNCIL OF STATE

SIR,—Most thinking men to-day are convinced that no political combination will ever solve our present serious difficulties. Since Parliamentary Government, as practised to-day, has become farcical and incompetent, it is necessary to look to some other means for extricating the country from the mess, even though the new form of government must necessarily be of a devolutionary nature.

Personally, I am not favourable to an individual dictatorship, in spite of its success in the case of Italy. What I would suggest is the creation of a Council of State, consisting of the best business brains of the country, responsible only to the King. Such a change would involve the suspension of Parliament for a period of years, three or five, or even more, as circumstances demanded. Unlimited and unrestricted powers should be entrusted to such a Council, and only by such means is there any hope of this country being restored to its former prosperity and content.

The continued existence of the British Empire is at stake, and is even now in the balance; and we, as a nation, must refuse, once and for all time, to be ruled by men whose chief thought and aim are votes, for the attainment of which they are ready to stoop to the lowest forms of political chicanery.

We possess the men capable and willing to take upon themselves the immense responsibilities that such a Council of State would entail, and it rests with the British electorate to bring about so desirable and imperative an end.

I am, etc.,

ERNEST JAMES

Wallington

A VISION OF THE FUTURE

SIR,—Many causes have been assigned to the world-wide economic distress that afflicts the human race to-day. Some mention machinery, others tariffs, others the supply and regulation of money.

But the fundamental problem that confronts the world to-day is not an economic problem, but a religious or spiritual problem. The heart of the world's problem to-day is decadence of religion and churches, preaching and teaching of false doctrines, general iniquity, and lack of leaders—just, wise, experienced, discerning men able to apply infallible remedies to all the ills that afflict mankind.

The present confusion and distress of the world is the stage set for the coming of some Son of God who will

rule all the nations of earth as individual rulers now rule individual nations. There is but one God as there is but one human race. The one true faithful God should have one true faithful representative. The time is coming when Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Confucianist, and Hindu will bow before the one Son of Heaven, the representative of the one and only God, who for the first time in history will set up His Kingdom on earth. "And there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever."

I am, etc.,

Cœur d'Alene,
Idaho, U.S.A.

CHARLES HOOPER

CARS AND VOTES

SIR,—I am a Liberal, and whether you regard me as a sort of dodo or as one of the 11,595 persons who voted Liberal at the last election in this Hampshire constituency, I lay claim to your consideration. I want to say a few words on one of the least debated problems of electoral reform. The Government proposes to limit the use of motor cars on polling days. In the interests of fair play, no change in the law seems to me more requisite. In my neighbourhood Conservatives command at least ten cars for every one car in the Liberal service. The number of Liberal voters taken to the poll in Conservative vehicles is, I believe, very small. Whatever may be the case in towns, a man's, or woman's, politics are usually known or suspected in a country area, and the Conservative driver does not give lifts to probable opponents. Moreover, our rural folk have a nice sense of honour, or, at least, are afraid of chaff. Liberals, therefore, are reluctant to board Conservative cars even if the chance offers. Finally the spectacle of so much carriage decked in one colour undoubtedly captures the imagination, and support, of the wobblers who want to be upon the winning side. And it is such wobblers, I fear, who frequently decide the result of an election.

Yet, anxious as I am for curtailment or abolition of the great transport handicap, I see one difficulty ahead. In my part of England, anyhow, it is not true that a voter has only to go a few hundred yards to the poll. I know of cases where the distance, there and back, is eight miles, while four, five or six miles would not be thought uncommon. Electors who will walk so far after a day's work are not merely good citizens; they are enthusiasts. Every other consideration apart, the time needed for such journeys on foot would virtually disenfranchise all mothers of young families. The remedy, I suggest, is provision of far more polling stations. If the cars are no longer to run, this will surely be a point on which all parties can agree, but so far no attention seems to have been paid to it. Elections, of course, will cost the community a little more, but on this score Conservatives should not complain, seeing how their expenditure in petrol will have been reduced.

I am, etc.,

W. DEWAR

Doles, Andover

BRITAIN AND INDIA

SIR,—Mr. Kenneth Wesander asks for confirmation or otherwise of the statements made by Dr. Shiva Rao in 'The Canadian Forum.' All those I have been able to check are inaccurate, while his comments are merely tendentious.

It is possibly true that the masses have no "love" for their British rulers, for love is a strong word—they probably do not positively love Dr. Shiva Rao, though no doubt they should. It is not, however, open to dispute that when in trouble the Indian ryot does go to the British administrator with the confidence of a child to his father.

10 January 1931

Some things even a British administrator cannot prevent, though he is often expected by Indians—and not merely, it seems, by the Indian masses—to do so. An example is the influenza epidemic of 1918-1919 that Dr. Shiva Rao refers to. Another is the fact that Indians are not usually long-lived. Medical science is not likely ever to make the expectation of life in a tropical country as great as in a temperate country. Even wealthy Indians enjoying all the advantages of modern medical science rarely attain to old age. Fourteen millions looks a large death-roll from influenza, but it is only four per cent. of the population. Was this death-roll less in the Indian States or in China? While those deaths cannot reasonably be in any way attributed to British rule, it cannot reasonably be denied that the prevention of famines, which in ancient and medieval times depopulated whole districts, is solely and entirely due to the British Raj.

I cannot deny that in some unspecified year the infantile mortality in Bombay City may have amounted to 800 per 1,000, but I have found no figures to confirm it. Certainly it was exceptional, as the rapid growth of the population would suggest, and as statistics confirm. In 1928-29 infantile mortality in Bombay City was under 319 per 1,000.

The expenditure of the Provincial Governments on health in 1929-30 amounted to Rs. 6.38 crores, or over £4,750,000. This was 7.3 per cent. of the revenues of the Governments and not 1 per cent. as stated by Dr. Shiva Rao. He cannot reduce the percentage below 3.6 even if he includes the revenues of the Government of India, which is only to a minute extent concerned with health administration.

The splendour of India's pre-British educational system is a long-exploded myth. Before the British advent to India centuries of chaos had largely destroyed the old Hindu system of the "ashram." Even in its glory, this system only instructed some of the children of the higher castes in Sanskrit and philosophy. Most of the Hindu learning was at a low ebb in the eighteenth century, and the revival of non-official activity is due chiefly to the public-spirited efforts of British missionaries and of men like David Hare.

That the Army is costly has never been denied, but it has given to India a security from civil war at home and invasion from abroad which she had not known since the Mahmud of Ghazni swept down from Central Asia in the eleventh century—perhaps not since the Aryans themselves conquered India in the fifteenth century B.C. and enslaved the ancestors of the depressed classes of to-day. The figures given by Dr. Shiva Rao are not accurate, and he would be stating his case more fairly if he said that expenditure on defence amounted to 31.5 per cent. of the combined expenditure of the Central and Provincial Governments.

One word about Dr. Shiva Rao. Evidence as to the kind of propaganda he had been undertaking with Mrs. Besant among the workers in the Buckingham Mills in Madras led Mr. Srinivasa Sastri to ask him not to take part in the Labour Commission's investigations in that place.

I am, etc.,
YOUR INDIAN CONTRIBUTOR

SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVE PROBLEMS

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Theodore D. Lowe, it would appear that I was perhaps unduly optimistic in hoping that the united good-will of the South African Church and of British Imperial policy might yet succeed in averting the bloody conflict which most observers fear to be inevitable in South Africa—a conflict, too, which most observers seem to regard as being precipitated largely by the obstinacy of white employers and administrators.

But the incident of the churchman who returned from Mass to beat his "boys" can have no usefulness in this discussion unless we know just when and

where such incidents occurred. It is hard to believe that they could occur often to-day in the dioceses of the present pro-negro bishops of the South African church, or that negro priests would fail to bring such incidents to the ears of the Bishop. Individual delinquencies on the part of white "Christians" do not constitute evidence against a Church whose public advocacy of native rights has been reported in the secular as well as the religious Press.

I am glad that Mr. Lowe has controverted my optimism, as my sole desire was to ventilate this important question of the oppression and exploitation of the coloured races. Many of your readers must have read 'Caliban in Africa' (published by Gollancz), and some, at any rate, probably realize that the white races are inviting a horrible retribution in the future.

It is obvious that the coloured races—black, brown and yellow—are being educated on Western mechanical and mathematical lines. The electrification and mechanization of almost every quarter of the globe will increasingly necessitate the technical proficiency of native labour as mechanics and operatives; and can any reasonable person doubt that when the process is complete by which the whole world is being electrified, the numerically superior coloured peoples will by then have possessed themselves of the mechanical equipment to enable them to "get their own back" against their former oppressors?

My original letter was a plea that abstract principles of justice should be given concrete expression in our dealings with the "lesser breeds without the law." I prefer to base my plea for justice to all human creatures on the ground of moral obligation, but I fear that the threat of retribution and the possible future subjugation of the white races are far more likely to command attention in this Christian country.

The Brotherhood of Man is not quite dead—but it is seriously ill.

I am, etc.,
Adelphi, W.C.2
RONALD KIDD

THE TRAFFIC TANGLE

SIR,—I received a very nice letter from the Ministry of Transport for giving particulars of inequities on motor-coach drivers. One drove 600 miles from Newcastle and back, average 40 miles for many hours, with only four hours' rest from the strain. Another, 350 miles to Derby and back, was killed asleep at the wheel, having had only an hour's rest, etc. I admit it does not matter to people in London, but the speed of drivers down here from Worthing to London is not fair to pedestrians or motorists. This short letter may not be thought worth insertion, but pig-headed Tory as I may be, I am grateful to Mr. Morrison for the new Bill.

I am, etc.,
The Grove, Dorking
ANDREW W. ARNOLD

'A MODERNIST RESTATEMENT'

SIR,—Mr. Hardwick's article interested and saddened me, for he seemed honestly trying to apologize for the Atonement! I often think that if clever people would dig deeper into the gold mine of the Bible, instead of quoting other people's thoughts, which change continually, they would find the Bible explain itself.

For instance, we find that Isaiah shows there was a cataclysm between the first and second verses in Genesis i. Isa. xlv, 18, "He created it not in vain," literally void. Cf. Isa. xiv, 12-20, "that made the world as a wilderness," also Ezek. xxviii. Pride was the devil's downfall, and he brought us down by pride. "Ye shall be as gods."

Then the Lord Jesus, "who needed not that any should testify of man, for He knew what was in man" (John ii, 25), said of the man who was a "Master in Israel" and not a sinner as we count sinners: "Ye

must be born again." "Twice-born" are those who are born of water and of the Spirit (John iii, 5), and they know it, for they experience the inward change that only God can give through the Cross (John xix, 34; John v, 6; Lev. xvii, 11, and Heb. ix, 22). If the death of Christ on the Cross was not an absolute necessity, taking upon Himself, the Holy One, our penalty ("The soul that sinneth, it shall die," Ezek. xviii, 4), you make God, not only cruel, but wicked, to allow the Lord Jesus to die on the Cross when there was no need. Could Isaiah liii have been fulfilled if Jesus had not died? Also John xix, 37, and many others. God cannot lie.

I am, etc.,

AN OLD-TIME BELIEVER

UNITY IN COMMERCE

SIR,—The purpose of the following letter is not to outline the method to be adopted to gain unity, harmony and progress in industry, but to point out the correct direction in which business organization should move.

The same principle rules the harmonious business as rules the harmonious family and nation. Progress to better government has been impelled by a desire to improve the conditions of individuals. And as in families, so in nations the best method is self-government, or government by representation. Other methods have seemed more satisfactory for a time, but in after years the period in which all power has been withheld from the individuals has proved reactionary and to the detriment of the country as a whole and therefore the welfare of the individuals: e.g., Czarism in Russia and now Stalinism, in England and Ireland Cromwell's regime, etc.

In most cases a dictatorship has been the result of severe economic and political crises when one man, with supreme faith in his own views, forces himself to the fore and carries the country after him. In a crisis this usually brings temporary relief. But trouble arises when the master mind either loses poise in his godlike position or is forced by circumstances to relinquish the reins of government.

A breakdown in the organization of government by representation does not prove the principle to be wrong, but that a more advanced conception of the principle is necessary. In other words, a more real desire on the part of the people to regulate the country for the benefit of the whole, instead of each for the benefit of himself. And so we see after each crisis the organization rebuilt in a more perfect form.

As the principle is so readily agreed to in politics, why is it not applied to businesses? Self-government in business is as essential as in politics. The only question is—by what method?

Socialism is disastrous. It leads not to unity but to separatism, with labour on the one side and capital on the other. Under Socialism there is no practical possibility of commercial institutions being able to pay their way in a competitive world. Its descendant, Communism, is more absurd. The only condition which can join capital and labour harmoniously is co-partnership. The so-called employees, having a definite fixed minimum wage, must have a definite fixed proportion of the profits and a definite voice in the management of the company.

The advantages of this method are many and obvious. The objections are mostly factitious—the usual opposition to progress. The exact method to be adopted cannot be outlined here, but it is interesting to remember in passing that prosperous co-partnership businesses have been operating for many years in the United States and England and have been more successful than the majority in weathering this economic storm.

Besides benefiting business the method would offer the sanest means of direct taxation. A company would

produce to the taxation officer its working profit for the year. This would then be taxed. After taxation the profits would be divided on a basis to be arrived at by experts—thus everyone would take a share in the income tax and everyone would be keen to have it reduced.

Co-partnership is the only possible method to be employed in the government of business, and the laws of progress make its eventual arrival absolutely inevitable. Cannot we force the pace and awaken the nation's more perfect comprehension of this principle of government? Co-partnership would wipe out the possibility of strikes and make trade union domination a boggy of the past. Each individual in the State would share in the burdens, responsibilities and rewards of commerce.

I am, etc.,

J. H. S.

PALESTINE

SIR,—Now that the Christmas festival season is over, will you permit me to bring to your notice an aspect of the recent Whitechapel election that has been generally overlooked?

At that election each of the three political parties put forward a Palestine policy for the Jewish Zionists (Nationalists) and tried to gather in the votes of the large number of Jewish voters in the constituency on the strength of such policy. Now these Jews on the electoral register are naturalized British subjects or the children of such; in other words, they are Britons. Why, therefore, should we allow them to influence an election as if they were foreigners, which is what they are if they act as Palestinian "Nationalists"?

Let me illustrate by an almost analogous example. There are a number of German-born voters in this country who are naturalized British subjects or the children thereof. Should we have sought their votes at an election by pandering to their liking or dislike of our policy towards Germany after the war? In other words, should we have listened to them as Germans? Assuredly not! If not, why should we allow our British Jews to act as foreigners in almost similar circumstances?

I am, etc.,

Clapham Common, S.W.

SETON KENNARD

HOUSEWIVES AND BAKERS

SIR,—During the year which has just ended both Press and public were most sympathetic to all of us who have been pleading the cause of the British miller.

Not for a moment do I question the sincerity of that sympathy, yet what have the practical Board of Trade returns to say? During the eleven months for which figures are at the moment available we have bought from outside this country close upon two million cwts. more wheat and flour than during the like period a year ago.

It is true that the position is improving; that last month, for example, the value of those imports was more than £150,000 down compared with November, 1929. Nevertheless, I do feel that there would be a quickening in the swing over to home-milled flour were the undoubted sympathy with our millers and their men given definite expression. I would suggest, therefore, with all respect, that our bakers should make the use of flour milled in Britain their good deed for 1931; and if each housewife would ask her baker what he is doing about it, I should imagine that the general interest in the proposition would not be lessened.

I am, etc.,

W. BANFIELD, J.P.

(Gen. Sec. Amalgamated Union of Operative Bakers)

8 Guilford Street, W.C.1

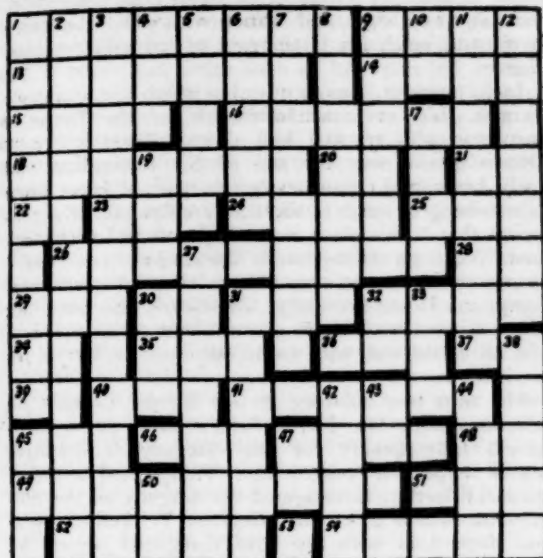
THE "SATURDAY" CROSS WORD PUZZLE—X "HIDDEN QUOTATION"

BY MOPO

A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than Thursday following the date of publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

The words to which no clues are given occur in a well-known quotation from Shakespeare, the first words of each line being numbers 12, 31a and 30d respectively.



Across.

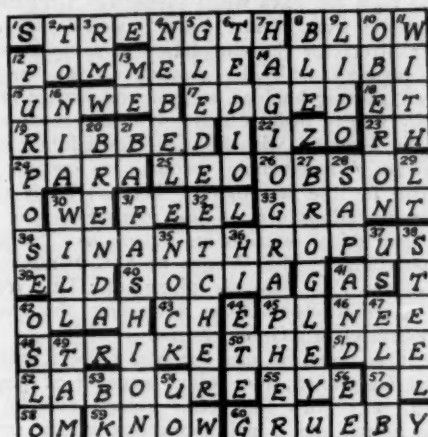
CLUES.

1. _____
9. _____
13. A genus of sand-stars.
14. "Inwrought with figures dim, and on the _____
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe."
- 15 and 16. Abnormal development of roots ends in madness.
18. Gaping.
20. If I swallow 53 I'm some boy!
21. See 23.
22. See 33.
23. You can walk up me after 21.
24. "Give me his _____: lions make leopards tame."
25. Unlike 20, if I swallow 53 I'm no boy at all, only a lisped girl.
26. The story that tells of Captain Dalgetty is this.
28. See 46 and 47.
- 29 rev. I make an enlarged 21 with 34.
30. See 45d.
31. "You may not so extenuate his offence — I have had such faults."
32. Along with 48 I was worshipped in Egypt.
34. See 29.
35. At sea I may be either east or west, or 12.
36. "Her father loved me; _____ invited me."
37. I should be a stupid fellow if I were to join 10.
39. Along with 30d I reach the ocean on the coast of Labrador.
40. Strange! There shouldn't be a little duke in the House of Commons!
41. It looks as though this were the dwarf of the thing spoken of.
45. "My friends, may I so employ this instrument as to use it — your advantage, — your profit, — your gain, etc."
46. Tack me on to 28 and I shan't be here.
47. Give me 28 the wrong way round to tease me.
48. See 32a.
49. _____
51. See 4.
52. The chamber to which Radigund brought Artegall was this
"with monuments of many Knights decay."
53. _____ (twice).
54. How breathing affects polish.

Down.

1. _____
2. Appertaining to the worship of serpents.
3. What your nose provides for you when you add 53.
4. Even with the help of 51 I can only creep.
5. Three-fifths of myself and 30d and myself would make a first-rate fellow.
6. "Oh child, you — your beauty, believe it, in being so proud."
7. I should be a form of dominoes if my cards had not been shuffled.
8. I look like a true fish, but I'm truly native sulphuret of arsenic.
9. _____
10. See 37.
11. Henry told Westmoreland to proclaim that any man who was this to the fight should depart.
12. _____, and see 35.
17. "Didst thou but know the — touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words."
19. Tom Pinch drove to Salisbury in a vehicle like me with a tumour.
27. I am of the nature of an epoch.
30. _____ (twice).
31. See 50.
- 32 rev. Even with the help of 10 I am useless to one who is 11.
33. Stuff me with 22 if you want something to sit upon.
38. _____
42. "I' the midst an altar as the landmark stood, rustic, of grassy —."
43. See 50.
44. "Lo, Poverty, to — the band."
45. Give me 30a for to fasten about.
47. If I swallow 53 it will make me ill.
50. Help me to 31d and I will assist, or improve of yore with 43.

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. VIII



QUOTATION.

"Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labour as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel,
To strike the blow."—John Drinkwater, 'A Prayer.'

NOTES.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Across. | 59. M. Arnold, 'Sohrab and Rustum.' |
| 1. 'Richard III,' V, 3. | |
| 8. M. Arnold, 'Sohrab and Rustum.' | 60. Anag: and see 'Barnaby Rudge,' ch. 35. |
| 14. 'Pickwick Papers,' ch. 33. | |
| 15. Unwebbed, i.e., their feet. | Down. |
| 17. 'King Henry V,' V, 1. | 2. Tool and Toom. |
| 18. Weet. | 6. Tedious. |
| 23. Rhisome. | 7. Writers of the Hagiographa. |
| 24. Paramo. | 9. Anag: of "idol." |
| 25. Leonine. | 10. 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' II, 1. |
| 26. Obsolete. | 11. Wither. |
| 33. Bret Harte, 'Aged Stranger.' | 12. See 'Locksley Hall.' |
| 34. Anags: of name given to fossil man found near Peking. | 20. Scott's 'Pirate,' ch. 12. |
| 40. Sociable. | 27. 'Dombey and Son,' ch. 9. |
| 42. i.e., his "halo" reversed. | 28. "pas" backward. |
| 43. Ouch. | 29. l(as)t. |
| 46. 'Our Mutual Friend,' ch. 8. | 30. Tennyson's poem. |
| 50. Therm. | 31. i.e., begins "fash." |
| 52. 'Wealth of Nations,' I, X, 2. | 36. 'Hunting of the Snark,' I. |
| 55. 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' IV, 1. | 47. i.e., from letters of "lobe." |
| | 49. Burns, 'Tam O' Shanter.' B(as)k. |

For result of Cross Word Puzzle No. VIII, see page 60.

NEW NOVELS

The Night of the Fog. By Anthony Gilbert. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The Death of Dr. Whitelaw. By Alexander Wilson. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

Tragedy on the Line. By John Rhode. (Collins), Crime Club. 7s. 6d.

The Strangler Fig. By J. S. Strange. (Collins), Crime Club. 7s. 6d.

Crowner's Quest. By Adam Broome. Benn. 7s. 6d.

That Which is Crooked. By Warren Hill. Jarrold. 7s. 6d.

WHY do people read detective stories? Do they get a vicarious sense of power by being taken into the confidence, as it were, of a Master-Mind who grapples with and masters a maze of circumstances which would leave them bewildered? Is there not something exhilarating about the way Destiny is speeded up by your sleuth-writer, as he metes out sudden fate and destruction to the kind of people who, in real life, long after they have exhausted all our interest in their sad story, drag on their existence only too interminably?

Detectives have become more expert and technical since the high old days when Inspectors Gregson and Lestrade from "The Yard" would call round at Baker Street for the elucidation of some peculiarly baffling mystery. Sleuths nowadays, one suspects, have such prosaic hobbies as golf and bridge and an inhumanly breezy bedside manner at the scene of the crime. But Holmes, with his taste for fiddling on the old "Strad," melancholy recourse to cocaine, and enthusiasm for the writings of Thomas Carlyle, had a wholesome admixture of the morbid in his high philosophical mien—witness his valedictory "asides" to his assistant ("The Wages of Sin, Watson—the Wages of Sin!"). And the phlegmatic Dr. Watson was an essential adjunct, as providing the suitably obtuse responses of a Greek chorus.

In the first novel on our list Mr. Gilbert makes it clear that Cavendish, the police sergeant at Queen's Wrotham, was born for better things and he had evidently lighted on a neighbourhood which seemed ripe for another good murder case. The villagers burned with indignation against their neglectful landlord, Hilton, who had had the misfortune to be christened Jasper. With a name like that there could be no doubt that he had been wrongfully acquitted of the murder of his wife twelve years before the eventful night of the fog. Vengeance was taken, at long last, but by whom? His nephew Rolfe detested the avuncular domination but also hated the understanding that had arisen between his (Rolfe's) wife, Lesley, and Dr. Cheyne. For, as Thornton Peile said of Rolfe and his wife, and Peile had a way of hitting the nail on the head: "She's all he has and he clings to her with all the force of a tempestuous and thwarted nature." Scott Egerton, a young Liberal M.P., was a friend of Cheyne's and knew a thing or two. Altogether quite a number of people seemed to be taking a hand in the investigation when twenty pages from the end a sudden surprise is sprung on the reader from an unsuspected quarter. Like us, Sergeant Cavendish was misled by false clues, but he certainly deserved his promotion.

For a less exacting reader who wants to know which is the villain to hate and the hero to admire, despite the most persistent misunderstandings, there is "The Death of Dr. Whitelaw." Jack Armitage, an amateur cricketer in the running for Test match honours, was "clean-limbed" and all that, but he should not have hit so soon when Dr. Whitelaw accused him of being

his wife's lover. For the doctor died, as if from the effects of the fall, and Jack was arrested and "sent down" for ten years and the shock of this sentence for manslaughter killed his father.

But you cannot keep a good man down. And Jack was a chip of the old block. Gathering round him at Dartmoor a select gang of criminals whose sentences expired about the same time, he issued on his release a challenge to society through the columns of the Press (conducted throughout this novel in a manner which nobody with any Fleet Street experience would recognize). To vindicate his honour Jack Armitage announced that he would mete out summary vengeance on the five principal persons whom he held answerable for his wrongful imprisonment. The judge who had sentenced him was the first to suffer—kidnapped to Jack's secret lair and subjected to the treatment to which he had condemned others. It must only be a matter of regret, however, that Sir Fellowes Allen was not made to listen to a number of those little homilies on the subject of Right and Wrong with which the Bench is wont to insult the intelligence of our great criminal classes.

Jack, however, was to meet his match and, curiously enough, his eventual benefactor in the Detective Inspector who tracked him down. Blood will tell! Dennis Leslie was the son of Sir Pellingham and Lady Leslie and consequently felt quite at home when entertaining to lunch at the Ritz a colleague, who confessed that "this place makes my suit feel uncut, my boots like clogs and my hands like lumps of raw meat." Inspector Leslie was even able to snub an interfering, bumptious Home Secretary, who clearly was not "out of the top drawer," if one may use that delicious idiom, and all ended well with an adjournment to Lord's for a cricket match.

The next two volumes on our list are Crime Club selections and, like Mr. Gilbert's novel above mentioned, fully qualify for the category of detective stories expert in construction. That gifted scientist, Doctor Priestley, investigated the tragedy on the railway line which befell Mr. Gervase Wickenden, who was discovered with his head disfigured beyond all recognition by a passing train, but it was the prime actor in this countryside drama who disclosed the full facts in a death-bed confession to the scientist.

Mr. Strange keeps us guessing till the last chapter whether human agency—and if so, who?—was responsible for the disappearance of Stephen Huntington, when he walked from his Florida home into the jungle, where lurked the dreaded strangler fig or vine to which the natives attributed his fate. A bleached skeleton and a cigarette case marked "S.H." were discovered. A series of deaths followed and that indefatigably inquisitive lawyer, Bolivar Brown, had a bit of a shock himself before this mystery was unravelled.

Quite as interesting as the discovery of the murderer of Francis Partridge, the acting Governor of a West African colony, is Mr. Broome's delineation from first-hand experience of administrative conditions, and an unpretentious little love story provides a thread of sentiment through this pleasantly realistic and unvarnished tale of departmental humours and hidden intrigue.

Christopher Kendall was "down on his uppers" in London when he accepted the job of impersonating Roger Jackson in China, but he little knew that the latter was in reality a crook and dope merchant marked down for vengeance by "The Hater," an ex-convict with a grudge. Since, as the text from Ecclesiastes from which Mr. Hill takes his title says, "that which is crooked cannot be made straight," Christopher finds himself in some pretty tight corners before his highly melodramatic adventure "fades out" on a happy ending with Joyce, the "straight" English girl, whose affections he had won on that eventful voyage to Shanghai.

10 January 1931

REVIEWS

THE VERNEY LETTERS

Verney Letters of the Eighteenth Century from the MSS. at Claydon House. Edited by Lady Verney. Benn. Two Vols. £2 2s.

THIS is an immense collection, which only Sir George Trevelyan, with his majestic knowledge of the reign of Queen Anne, could read lightly and profitably. The pedigrees and hatchments and pious inscriptions which remain from the great old county families of the eighteenth century convey little more than the bones of the past. But here is the detailed flesh as far as paper and homely script can cover such bones. On the whole, they are more interesting than the Paston Letters, for they cover a nearer period more closely. They are edited with indefatigable trouble and the editor has succeeded in bringing to life distinct and worthy characters out of a heap of paper and script such as has been left to the mouse and the mildew in ninety-nine manor houses out of a hundred. Mr. Gladstone used to say that a day would come when the futurists would unravel the conversation of the past from the walls of the old houses. Lady Verney has virtually performed this miracle, thanks to the pile of family papers which have survived at Claydon House.

It would take a month to read through her gleanings, but their general interest can be pointed out here and there. She has wisely kept the atrocious spelling and the phrases of the times, which convey a flavour that is lacking in all the meticulous antiquarianism of Thackeray's 'Esmond.'

Under 1699 we hear of Captain Kidd's arrest in New York. After turning pirate "this man ventured to land in New York, thinking himself safe there. Walked in the streets and was discovered to my Lord Billymount!" Lord Bellamont's Lady was offered jewels for his release, which she refused; but Bellamont was famous for stopping bribery and pirates; in fact, he dealt with the gangsters of his day. The next year chronicles the death of the Duke of Gloster, the hope of the Throne. A letter describes how the unsuccessful doctors quarrelled until they went to law. An interesting chapter adds to our vivid knowledge of the great storm of November, 1703, in which the Navy was wrecked, the Bishop of Bath and his lady killed in their sleep, while Defoe wrote from Newgate:

Let me be where I will I heard the Storm
From every blast it echoed thus, Reform!

We have a chapter on the Election Ins and Outs, which shows that elections then as now were a periodical form of English sport, whether between Fanatics and Jacobites or Whigs and Tories, a mild substitution for rebellions and a violent occupation for the country gentry. The Verney family preserved every note of paper, even the letters from their game-keeper, which should have a place in the next sporting Anthology. Stephen Wallis writes: "I am glad the Rabbits did not stink. I was afraid they would, the weather was so hot. I send two couple more. . . I have a pretty well beat off the Jays and Crows and Magpies from the gardens."

What a curious letter, from Catherine Verney to her dearest love from the country: "Mr. Gurney says shalloon is much better to line them [breeches] than pad-way and he says they cost no more a yard. I think you had better buy it white instead of blue because it will look livelier and their britches will now be the same as the outsiders . . . a vast deal of Company at Bistow [Bicester] race. Sir Willm Glin being very near killed. He was beat off his horse by a Coach and Six but by meer providence saved. Our greatest news is the woods have been all searched for Iron Cap; at

last they found him in a cave he used to frequent and stript him of all his rags, drest him in a handsom suit of mourning and carryed him away in a coach, they say he had a relation dead whereby several thousands is fallen to him; his name they say is John Savidge."

An interesting family figure was Colonel John Lovett, who rebuilt the Eddystone Lighthouse after the original had been swept away by the great storm of 1703. When he died he left the Lighthouse as a kind of property to his widow, who laments: "We cannot get any money here from the ships till we have an *exemplification* (!) of the Act of Parliament from England under the Broad Seal which we have sent for. It is only their Durty cunning to put us to what charge they can." The Lighthouse was eventually put up at auction and netted the sum of £8,000. Forty years later the Lighthouse, which the gales could not destroy, was burnt with the Lighthouse keepers. The picture which Colonel Lovett had painted of his ingenious erection remains in the family and is well reproduced in the book.

Mary Lovett had a sick child, who was touched by Queen Anne. "The Queen disorders herself by preparing herself to touch that no one about her cares she should do it for she fasts the day before and abstains severall days which they think does her hurt."

There is a quaint chapter about parsons and their wives, one of whom had ill-treated her husband with the result that "Candlemasse Day last the Men Servants of Bottle Claydon made a riding about Mrs. Hart's beating her old husband, who was so ill advised as to take notice of it yesterday in his pulpit. They passed by my House yesterday and 'twas as foolish a thing as ever I saw. I suppose their Masters privately egged on the Business but appeared not themselves."

Clergy wrote for presents of game rather than for subscriptions in those days. Ralph Verney received a curious request: "You know that my spouse hath a mad fit once a year and therefore to keep her in good temper I beg the favour of you of a couple of hares towards the latter end of the next week. A couple because I shall be teased with more mad people besides herself and I have no other remedy to keep them quiet but by stopping their mouths." We hear of clergy curing the King's Evil themselves and indulging freely in lotteries. Mr. Vickers, who claimed to cure so many that he was nicknamed "the evil Doctor," gives us a curious peep from St. Albans, "where I saw the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and heard his Grace reprimand his Duchess for sitting at prayers, but she obeyed not." A long and litigious letter from the Duchess in her eighty-third year later came into the Verney archives. Meantime the days of good Queen Anne came to an end and a scrap recorded:

Farewell, Old Year, Old Monarch and Old Tory,
Farewell, Old England, thou hast lost thy Glory.

And the Verneys became Earls with the Irish Peerage of Fermanagh thrown in, apparently to attach them to the Church Party, for these were the days of Dr. Sacheverell, whose name necessarily creeps into the letters of the time. Much has been swept away, but a familiar name well-known in Whaddon Chase appears in one letter from Lord Fermanagh to his father: "Mr. Selby Lowndes, Markham and some more were hunting a fat buck that day. Wherever Mr. Selby has cut the underwood, he seems to have cleared the timber, but there are many Samplers left which in a term of years would be fine trees. . . Old Ways and Means bid £17,000 when Selby bought it who gave £20,000 for it including the estate at Whaddon," etc.

An interesting letter describes the execution of the Jacobite Lords in 1715. Lord Derwentwater "was dressed in black velvet, Jack Ketch had his clothes and two Guineys for doing his office. He expected a reprieve on the scaffold and was very unwilling to die. Lord Kenmuir was dressed in a brown coat and

behaved himself like a hero. He was very cool and sedate and met death with a great deal of courage. The Sheriff asked him if he had anything to say. He answered he came to die and not to make speeches."

The quaintness of phrase makes a style that is impossible to reproduce. Amid the alarms and excursions of highwaymen and distempers and endless leachings it is pleasant to hear Sir Hans Sloane himself prescribe "a Lambiteve of Syrup of Marshmallows" for Lady Fermanagh, but his Lordship's end seemed hastened by a "horse-dung posset." Lady Verney has given a quarry to the historian, the antiquarian, the letter anthologist, the phrase and word collectors, as well as an industrious example to all who own family papers.

SHANE LESLIE

THE CONQUISTADORES

The Horses of the Conquest. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

"NOW I will set down the names of all the horses and the mares that accompanied us on this conquest." With these words Bernal Diaz set out to record the exploits and the qualities as well as the names not only of his fellow soldiers but also of the horses to whom "after God, we owed the Conquest." It is with a similar loving kindness that Mr. Cunningham Graham, well versed in the lore of the Conquest, has turned from the Conquistadores themselves to speak in a language forceful yet restrained of the horses to whom the Spaniards owed their success. On the Tlaxcalans the influence of horsemen was both moral and physical. To the Mexican mind it was uncertain whether horse and rider, centaur-like, were one and the same. It was an unknown and strange sight when the newcomers fired their harquebuses. It seemed as though fire were issuing from the horse's nostrils. Without that moral as well as physical influence, with a mere handful of men, Cortés could never have overcome first of all the Tlaxcalans and then with them as allies the forces of Montezuma. Later, on the expedition to Honduras, through unknown country with long and tedious marches, the story of the horsemanship and the record of endurance of man and of beast are surely a grand tale. Mr. Cunningham Graham likens it not unwisely to the retreat of the Ten Thousand under Xenophon. It was on that expedition that Cortés was forced to leave his black horse, El Morzillo, with an Indian chief, who took care of him by putting him in a temple where, "a reasonable animal enough in his own fashion," he eventually died. A hundred years later, when Yucatan was reconquered, they found a figure of the dead horse set up in the temple, where he had been worshipped as a god. "These barbarous infidels adored the abominable and monstrous beast under the name of Tziunchan, God of the Thunder and the Lightning, and paid reverence to him." So said Villagutierre. Nor can we imagine a better end for the horse of such a soldier.

Once when Soto was conquering Florida, finding himself at one point without supplies, he sent off one Gonçalo Silvestre, and with him Juan Lopez Cacho, to reach the main body. The story of that ride is surely one of the most remarkable records of horsemanship as well of endurance which have come down to us from that period of heroic deeds. Lack of food, want of sleep, hostility of Indians, crossing of swamps all play their part in this glorious adventure. The same heroic story may be told of "the thirty lances" sent out on a similar errand, how they had to want food, face cold, struggle on by no definite road, cross swamps and rivers, and that, too, with the loss of only one horse, belonging to Cacho. Truly, one has to agree with Mr. Cunningham Graham, "it remains a marvel," since, faced with all these difficulties, weighed down by armour and weapons and the corn they were carrying, "none of them could have ridden under sixteen stone,

and some far heavier." One cannot wonder that the soldiers mourned the loss of Aceituno, Gonçalo's horse, when he was killed under his rider, "for he was held the best, not only in the army, but in the Indies at the time."

There was Motilla, whom Sandoval rode. He was almost sent to Spain as a present to Charles V. "Now when men talk of horses, they say he was as good, or almost as good, as Motilla." There was Matamoros, whom Palomino rode. He had an instinct for danger more powerful and more trustworthy than the heady courage of his master. There was Salinillas, "the good horse," whom Gonzalo Pizarro borrowed from Garcilaso de la Vega. And there were others, many nameless, who endured much and suffered much for the sake of Spain, and who now, as we may hope with the author, "expatiate in an equine paradise, where grass grows evergreen and water fails not."

When the Conquistadores settled down on the land they had conquered, their horses found a country admirably suited to them.

Mr. Cunningham Graham writes lovingly and sympathetically in his firm and understanding way on a subject dear to him and expresses his opinions robustly. His latest book is a joy.

JAMES CURRIE

THE DRAMA'S DARKEST AGE

A History of Early Nineteenth Century Drama (1800-1850). By Allardyce Nicoll. Cambridge University Press. Two Vols. 30s.

IT will be a surprise to most people that the early nineteenth-century drama had any history: so used are we to thinking it the nadir of drama, theatre, audience and dramatic authorship; and yet, such is the interest of genuine research into the Dark Age of anything, it may be questioned whether the interest of the previous volumes in Professor Nicoll's history of the drama from 1660 to the present day is not surpassed by this, his fourth instalment. He has divided his subject into stretches of fifty years, devoting a volume to each half-century. The second volume of the present book is nothing but a hand-list of all the plays produced between 1800 and 1850, containing "between 10,000 and 12,000 titles." That alone is a work to be proud of. So far as I know, such a comprehensive hand-list is unique. Librarians and students will have reason to bless so splendid a beginning.

Unlike many historians (whom, therefore, I open, as a rule, with dread) Professor Nicoll does not, for all his researches, upset one's tacit assumption—that the first half of the nineteenth century was our drama's darkest age. Here, at last, is an established historical judgment that is not disputed. This, surely, is an enormous relief. As a rule, one cannot accommodate the verdict of one historian with another. If Froude is right about Henry VIII, a whole school is wrong; if Mr. Belloc is right about James II, Mr. Trevelyan is wrong; if Carlyle is right about Cromwell, no one else is right; if Mr. Coulton is right about the Middle Ages, their admirers must be infatuated. Let us be thankful for one agreed historical fact at last: the drama in England from 1800 to 1850 was really in the state that we had believed. With this feeling of confidence we settle in our chairs to hear how Professor Nicoll explains the mystery.

In the first place, it is odd how many things reached their nadir a hundred years ago. The year 1822 marks the end of beautiful silver; the trouser had ousted knee-breeches a few years before; graceful furniture was ceasing to be made in the reign of George IV; slum architecture was encroaching upon the tradition preserved by Nash; and the drama, like dress, was succumbing to drabness. Though I do not find her name in these erudite pages, Mrs. Grundy was born in 1800, the

10 January 1931

year in which she annexed the stage through Thomas Morton's comedy 'Speed the Plough.' It is amusing to remember that the creator of this Victorian symbol died in the same year as that in which Queen Victoria ascended the throne. Her Majesty, therefore, was not primarily responsible for this emblem of propriety who was a popular figure at a time when the Regent and the revels at Carlton House appeared to be setting the tone. This trivial fact gives an instance of the complex epoch with which Mr. Nicoll has to deal. His judicious attempt to correlate all the obstinate factors makes fascinating reading. These factors cannot all be cited here. The least particular is sufficiently interesting:

The drabness of the age accounts for much. . . . No genuine comedy or tragedy could rise out of the level greyness of early Victorian society. The poor were struggling harshly in a period of industrial change; the rich were duller than they had been in the Augustan days. In other literary realms Thackeray could only sneer at the pretensions of the aristocracy, and Dickens, in dealing with the mob, had to resort to false pathos, and melodramatic effect. The melodrama, then, was largely dependent upon the social circumstances of the period. If the melodrama was of the Oriental romantic kind, then it was an escape from the sordid; if it was realistic in tendency, it was so tied and fettered by the conventionalities of the melodramatic convention that, in spite of its realistic tone, it remained false to life. It was only when a wittier spirit arose in more aristocratic circles, and when the industrial chaos began to resolve itself, that a higher drama rose in England towards the end of the century.

The responsibility is divided between authors, actors, managers, the theatrical monopoly of Covent Garden and Drury Lane (which lasted till the Act of 1843), and the audience. The latter was accustomed to turn the pit into a cockpit, partly because the theatres were so large that it was impossible to hear and difficult to see, and partly because such a state of affairs encouraged horse-play on both sides of the curtain. The authors, whom the Romantic Movement was leading to be subjective, either wrote in stilted blank verse, in a perishing tradition, or went to the other extreme of popular melodrama and burlesque; the actors tended to fit every play, from Shakespeare downward, to themselves, even (we are told) subordinating Othello to Iago when the manager, as sometimes happened, changed his part. In sum, "everything seemed to conspire to bring about the ruin of the stage." Another fact is that no born dramatist appeared between Sheridan and Robertson, while, as we have seen, the conditions were not such as to encourage apprentice-talents to make the best of themselves. At the time, the novelists were reaping the richest rewards, and the poets, with the exception of the untimely dying Shelley, could not write dramatically. It is very curious that even Browning's strong dramatic sense was almost wholly subjective. He was a master of the dramatic monologue, but something more is needed for an actable play. The immensity of the ensuing hand-list, as the author remarks, shows that quantity was replacing quality by frenzied activity. To provide an income for himself a playwright would then produce an average of five plays a year. Our own productive Cowards and Wallaces are scarcely so facile as that.

The upshot is that, the poetic writers being imitative and sterile, and the adaptations scarcely more than an industry, such art as the drama had at this period was to be found on the Surrey side. The popular plays were melodramas and farces; and these contained at least the germs of the social and naturalistic theatre of the future. It is interesting to hear that the failure of Charles Lamb's 'Mr. H—' was due to the finer tone of its humour, which was lost in a large house, as much as to feebleness of Hogsflesh as an example of an unmentionable name. The comparatively coarse audience of the time, says Mr. Nicoll, was suspicious of indecorum, and it scented "vulgarity" in Mr.

Hogsflesh. It seems to be true that the element which keeps drama alive is a sense of comedy, and an appetite for comedy in theatrical audiences. Comedy must be objective, is in essence dramatic, and it probably implies a settled society which is therefore free to turn its searchlight upon itself. The period was only emerging from chaos, and thus sentimentality ruled the stage.

OSBERT BURDETT

A HAPPY HUNTER

Memories, of Fourscore Years Less Two, 1851-1929. By Abel Chapman. Gurney and Jackson. 21s.

ABEL CHAPMAN, who died at his sanctuary home of Houxy, North Tynedale, last January at the age of 78, must have spent a good seventy years in following his master passion, the watching—or pursuit—of birds. He was boy and sportsman to the end; and in spite of the many good books to his credit, he was much more observer than author. His pen was ready enough; but it only produced stuff akin to literature when it gleaned—in Keats's mixed metaphor—the direct harvest of the eye. Among ornithologists he was like Fabre among entomologists: he could not away with generalizations. Fabre was satirical at the expense even of Darwin. Chapman chiefly scathed museum naturalists, in particular and in general.

South Kensington and other museums owe much to his gifts; but he did more than supply specimens: he gave material to any and every naturalist for correcting or enlarging his theory of birds. In a scientific reference his most valuable contribution is his tale of the birds of the dry plains, including the Saharas. The evidence is original and strange. We have wondered, even in wet Britain, how the grouse gives water to her young; and she is thought to carry it long distances in her breast feathers. Mr. Chapman asserts with plain emphasis and a host of examples that birds, and even mammals of the sand, do not need water at all; have learnt to dispense with it for many consecutive months. Even dew is absent, he argues, and certainly the birds do not travel to wells, ponds or rivers. One of the strangest of recent discoveries (to which, however, these 'Memories' make no allusion) is that æstivating Batrachians in Central Australia can keep alive over two summers, if need be, by aid of water stored as such within their body. They are sought out, solely for the sake of this reservoir, by the thirsty natives. Of course, juicy food serves, for man as for camels, in lieu of a drink (an acquaintance of the writer went a year without drinking); and the probable truth is that the food of the desert—much more plentiful than any but an almost microscopic eye can detect—contains a sufficient complement of moisture to serve the eater for both food and drink. The illustrations of the theme, whatever the explanation, are wonderful examples of the adaptability of animals. There is one bird—the so-called guinea-fowl—which enjoys drinking as much as the domestic hen and, where water is available, drinks greedily, almost like a spaniel—yet it is peculiarly fond of the dryer parts of the desert and, being a poor flier, cannot seek oases. Mr. Chapman quotes accounts of lions and many deer which must live for weeks, if not months, without water. It is a strange omission that the subject is not mentioned in text-books on the biology of birds, except, perhaps, in the vague—and certainly false—suggestion that the Saharas are a barrier to migration.

Though, perhaps, the most valuable chapter is dry, the most enthralling is wet. The reviewer has long regarded the marismas of Spain, of which Mr. Chapman has written enthralling accounts in earlier books, as the Paradise of the bird watcher. Incidentally it is surprising that he makes little allusion to Colonel Willoughby Verner's no less delightful book on the

theme. But Lake Menzaleh, consisting of some 800 square miles of lagoon between Asia and the Suez Canal, is perhaps yet more Paradisal. The intervening patches of deserts are marked with remains of rich civilizations and a thick population. Now, to parody Byron, "all except their birds have fled," though one must make exception of the queer gerbils that burrow in the beaches and pleased Mr. Chapman much as the engaging Gophirs of the Selkirks have pleased other travellers. A good deal of the account is little more than a catalogue raisonné, but the mere lists of ibis, flamingo, herons, hawks, gulls, skua, duck, grebe, sandpipers, wagtails, warblers and the rest make the naturalist's mouth water. The drawings and paintings (though they cannot compare, say, with Millais's sketches in Newfoundland) greatly assist the imagination. Scrappy though the chapters are, they are never secondary; and, on whatever subject, chips of real experience are worth a thousand wax statuettes of remodelled criticism.

Abel Chapman was a Happy Hunter, hunting better than he knew, or, at any rate, better than the "bag" of gun, rod or pen suggests. His gift was zest in seeing: in this sense he was a man of vision. The spiders right and left of him in his grouse butt interested not less than the right and left of black-cock; and this vivacity of perception, which Wordsworth calls "the deep power of joy," gives what he wrote, though the words are not always well chosen or placed, a peculiar charm. This youthful gift he maintained to the very end, as we know from what he wrote as well as from Mr. George Bolam's graceful and condensed memoir.

W. BEACH THOMAS

SIR JOHN SIMON AS STATESMAN

Comments and Criticisms by Sir John Simon.

Edited by D. Rowland Evans. Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.

AS a rule, the speeches of politicians when re-published in book form have an appearance of cold mutton. But this admirably chosen selection of Sir John Simon's speeches and writings, which includes two addresses on Indian affairs not previously published, was well worth publication and reveals the speaker to be a statesman as well as a politician.

On his own special subject, the law, Sir John Simon is not very discerning. As the guest of honour he told the American Bar Association in 1921 that our "common law is like a rich seam of precious metal lying deep below the surface of the life of Britain" and so on. How often have not such eulogies been uttered by English lawyers? And yet a century ago Lord Brougham uttered the warning: "We may talk of our excellent institutions, and excellent they certainly are, though I wish we were not given to so much Pharisaical praising of them." Sir John Simon rebukes Coke for his famous phrase "the perfection of reason," but this address shows little sign that Sir John realizes that such smug praise is no more justified to-day than it was when Coke wrote three centuries ago. The high cost of litigation with us, as in America, and our over-elaborate procedure and laws of evidence should make all our lawyers concentrate upon our weaknesses rather than upon our traditions and our glory.

Sir John Simon's maiden speech of 1906 on the Trade Disputes Bill is printed in this book next to his famous speech of 1926 on the General Strike, and thereby hangs a tale. The Bill was described as "an honest and generous attempt," and yet was not the Act of 1906 one of the direst causes of the General Strike twenty years later? The Conservative Party showed up as badly as their opponents in this debate of 1906, and neither side deserves any credit; one

has to read some way in this book before the unfortunate effect produced by this maiden speech wears off.

The speeches on India are naturally the ones of the greatest interest at the present time. The dignified tone of the speech of November 7, 1929, when the Government announced its general policy without consulting the Simon Commission, makes refreshing reading. And the short account of the Village Panchayat, India's indigenous form of Democracy, is all too short. On irrigation in India Sir John Simon wrote:

Anyone who has seen something of the vast arid wastes of unwatered India, and has witnessed or imagined the appalling consequences of drought and famine spreading through the countryside, while afar off some immense river carries its useless stream to the sea, must be profoundly moved by the thought that British leadership has organized the means to spread so much benefit and lessen so much misery.

This, too, is well said, and those who love and know India would be happier if they could believe that the coming political changes would ensure a continuance of that disinterested economic development which has characterized British rule.

CLAUD MULLINS

THE FOOLISH RAID

The Jameson Raid. By Colonel Hugh Marshall Hole. Allan. 15s.

THIS is a fully documented account of all that is known to have happened prior to and in connexion with the amazing adventure, the political repercussions of which were very far-reaching and serious at the time. Unfortunately, it seems that little more than was disclosed during the sensational enquiry before a Royal Commission will ever come to light. As Colonel Hole himself acknowledges, "We are still unable to comprehend the motives which prompted people of sound judgment in ordinary affairs to mix themselves up in a plot ill-conceived from the outset and ill-managed as it progressed."

The idea, the hope, of the possibility of successful revolt by those who had brought wealth into the land and were maintaining the whole financial prosperity and stability of the Transvaal Republic by the industries for which they had furnished huge amounts of capital, against the ignorant, oppressive and unjust treatment of them by the Boer Government, had long been in the air. The unbearable situation of the Uitlanders had reached what seemed to be breaking point (a point which did, at last, come with the Boer War).

But this idea of revolt and the full intention to carry it out so soon as any propitious circumstances might show likelihood of success had long been a punchinello's secret, fully shared by the Transvaal authorities, who many years before the Raid occurred had mounted heavy artillery on a hill which dominates the whole city of Johannesburg. They knew and seemed to mock the grievances complained of, and refused redress.

In Johannesburg all but a small party of hot-heads knew that the time was not yet ripe and that overwhelming forces were ready to be arranged against any such attempt. But the plan of the thing was, must have been, in the minds of many people holding important and responsible positions; as must also have been the fact of unusual, and otherwise unnecessary, military preparations by the authorities in Rhodesia. At Bulawayo there had been a new call for recruits to the Chartered Company's forces and large quantities of arms and ammunition had been ordered—for no reasonably ostensible purpose.

The British Government knew this, as must the full board of directors of the Chartered Company have known it—and as also, unfortunately, did the Transvaal

Government. For some measure of connivance in the plan, to be accomplished some day or another, a good many people must be, and were, in fact, by public opinion at the time, held morally responsible in various degrees; but all this does not explain the actual attempt of the Raid at a moment when it was inevitably doomed to failure.

The only light which, as he frankly states, Colonel Hole can throw on the matter, he derives from examination of the psychology of the men who must be regarded as having been chiefly concerned with the affair. Particularly that of Dr. Jameson, whom he knew well, having at one time acted as his private secretary. And Colonel Hole attributes the enterprise mainly to a streak of adventurousness latent until shortly before that moment in the brain of a man who had built up and sustained a highly successful and remunerative practice as a physician and surgeon in Kimberley. Colonel Hole thinks that this buccaneering tendency was brought into activity by the glamour of Rhodes's vast imperialistic schemes. In support of this view there is the fact (though Colonel Hole does not urge this) that imagination must necessarily play a great part in successful diagnosis and medical treatment.

From Rhodes Jameson undoubtedly derived the conception of a wider and more ambitious field for the exercise of his own superabundant intellectual and physical activity than that afforded by his patients. He needed greater worlds to conquer and had eagerly joined Rhodes as an able lieutenant, though by no means distinguished by servility in that capacity. Indeed, he often, and sometimes successfully, opposed Rhodes in matters of detail and even of general policy while he was acting as administrator at Bulawayo.

That said, we are back at the question of how he was permitted to go as far as he did in the matter of immediate preparedness for the disastrous effort. Rhodes is reputed to have said: "Jameson has taken the bit between his teeth." But how and why did he come to be in a position to do so? With it must be supposed, the tacit consent of those who might have averted the disaster by controlling him, if only a day sooner than Rhodes made his last-minute and unsuccessful attempt to do so.

As we know, Jameson voluntarily and gallantly took the whole blame upon himself and so, officially, the matter became past history. The book has a useful index and general portrait illustrations.

FLOWER-PICKER'S ITCH

The Pleasures of Poetry: A Critical Anthology. By Edith Sitwell. Duckworth. 6s.

A Broadcast Anthology of Modern Poetry. Edited by Dorothy Wellesley. Hogarth Press. 4s. 6d.

A Winter Miscellany. Edited by Humbert Wolfe. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.

An Anthology of Sporting Verse. Selected by E. B. Osborn. Collins. 6s.

THEY all succumb to it now, this scabrous epidemic, this disease of anthology-making—be they poets, critics or literary editors. There was a time when poets were too busy writing their own poetry to collect other people's, and, thank God, a few of them are still too busy; but not Miss Sitwell. Always she has time to stray where she has no right to be. She is not a scholar; she is a negligible, reiterative critic (see Miss Sitwell on Pope, *passim*); she writes a lame prose (see the introduction to this book, *passim*), but she has put up a very good bluff, and though she still asks for a straight left, she seldom gets it. Are critics afraid or drugged?

Here in this new book we are given what Miss Sitwell calls a country bunch from Milton, Herrick, Marvell, Dryden, Pope, Smart. We are given a disquisition

(most of it we have heard before) on *texture* (Miss Sitwell's italics) from which these are typical extracts:

In such a line as "Above the Aonian mount while it pursues" the pretendedly elided A in Aonian gives a feeling of space and the enormous airs of heaven. . . .

That pretending elided vowel (i.e., in "amorous," "mineral") followed by the R can give the effect of dust fluttering from the ground.

and so on for seventy-eight pages in a mixture of commonplace truth, rank wrongheadedness and precious personal fancy laid down as dogma. We are to have two more country bunches, one on the Romantic Revival, one on the Victorian Age.

In the last we may expect an attack on the trembling Matthew Arnold. To Miss Sitwell's feeling, he "fails entirely as a poet (though no doubt his ideas were good—at least I am told they were)." And why? Because "he had no sense of touch whatsoever."

The other three are less offensive. Lady Dorothy Wellesley's broadcast anthology contains much of Lady Wellesley and Miss Sackville-West, and was evidently planned judiciously to wreathe the mixed brows of her ethereal audience. We find in it, at one end, Mr. Eliot's 'Journey of the Magi' and 'The Hollow Men,' at the other, work by Mr. Drinkwater, Mr. Squire and Mr. Blunden. 'A Winter Miscellany' might be described as a pretty gift book, all about winter in prose and verse, and Mr. Osborn's collection as the very thing for those whose poetry goes no further than 'Right Royal' or 'Reynard the Fox.' 'The Earth Stopper,' 'Willow the King,' 'Hard Riding Dick,' 'On Epsom Downs,' 'The Rugger Match' (Mr. Squire's, of course) are a few of the titles.

"In this formal wilderness of honest verse," says Mr. Osborn, lifting his honest elbow, "you can surely find, here and there, a draught of English brew, often with a head of inspired foam to it, which will poetically refresh the spirit." A poetical pub-crawl, in fact.

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SHORTER NOTICES

An Introduction to Persian Art Since the Seventh Century A.D. By Arthur Upham Pope. Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.

IT is to Mr. Arthur Upham Pope, the distinguished American authority on Eastern art, that we owe the idea of the Persian Art Exhibition at the Royal Academy. Everyone who wishes to gain an understanding of Persian art should read this book. Mr. Pope is not only a scholar, but he has that sympathetic approach to beauty which makes him an excellent interpreter of the mystic language of colour and design. Every conscientious critic will agree with his modest statement that "those willing to exchange words for things in the realm of Fine Art must ultimately confess themselves cheated." But we must have the words none the less, and Mr. Pope has a way of revealing what we want to know about Persian art. The chapters on carpets and gardens are delightful, and the one entitled 'Formative Factors' is full of knowledge and thought, helping us to understand the Persian ideal. The book is illustrated with a large number of admirably printed photographs. Mr. Pope's work is a timely guide to the treasures at the Royal Academy.

Zur Geistesgeschichte des Weltkrieges. By Herbert Cysarz. Max Niemeyer. Halle. Rm. 4.

THIS is a strange book. Herbert Cysarz sets out to study the "Geistesgeschichte" of the war, its ups and downs and the interactions of Geist and history. As the author says in his preface, he has to show how, as always, *Geschehen* becomes *Geschichte* and then to discuss the relations of *Geistesgeschichte* and *Weltgeschichte*. Cysarz refuses to admit that literature—which is the special part of the intellectual, artistic and spiritual history of the war with which he has to deal—can be looked at as a mere excrescence of political history. His plan is to trace in broad outline the history of the human mind in the nineteenth century and to indicate the great change which took place in the emphasis which men put upon art. He then gives a rapid account of the poetical—he uses the word to cover all creative literature—expressions of the war, taking his start in 1910. He has little difficulty in showing that the development of literature in a way anticipates the political crisis, that pre-war expressionism contained within itself the vastness and explosive power which found further vent in the war; for in one sense expressionism represents the assertion of mind's superiority over everything else, and the literature of the earlier period, in contradistinction to the realism of the last five years, is a positive activity. He tries also to deal with the problem of war books: why certain types rose at certain times: why books like 'All Quiet' had such remarkable success. But though he goes deep, he does not succeed in giving a really satisfactory answer. The style of the book is difficult, and in itself is a symptom of the *Geistesgeschichte* of our time. It is close-packed and many sentences seem meaningless at first, even at second or third reading. When the author gets on to questions of the deeper sort he has a good deal to say; and if this book (which though hard is short) serves to introduce his other works to English readers, it will have played its introductory part.

Dramas of the Dock. By G. B. H. Logan. Stanley Paul. 18s.

REALIZING that the last word on the most famous murders of the last century or so has been said more than once, the author has turned his attention to some less notorious cases of homicide. The result is rather disappointing. Crimes, it seems, are like books: they become classical on their own merits, or else are well forgotten. Most of the murders with which Mr. Logan

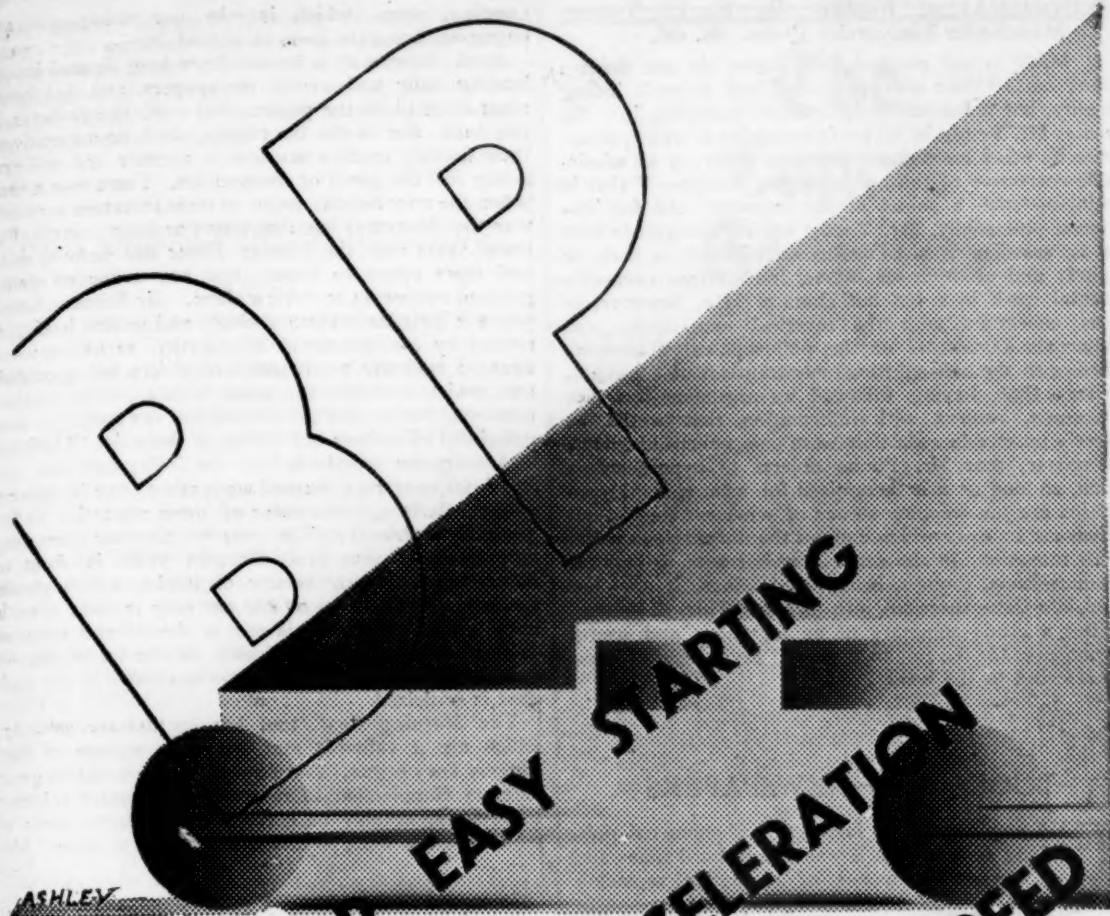
deals lack the element of mystery and were committed from wholly mean motives. They have little interest for the detective, and none for the psychologist. The one exception to the rule is provided by William Sheward, of Norwich, who walked into the Walworth Station on the first of January, 1869, and confessed to having killed his wife nearly eighteen years before. There is no sign that he was driven to this course by remorse or fear, for it was only under influence of drink that he talked about a guilty conscience. Probably he was tired of a life which had been generally drab and disappointing, and took the road to the gallows as another might have jumped into the river. But the case is curious enough to warrant further study. Mr. Logan gives an account of the crime and the trial. A record of the man's doings in the intervening period is wanted.

The Ramayan of Tulsidas. By J. M. Macfie. T. and T. Clark.

THIS extremely learned work is a study of a sixteenth century poem, "the Bible of Northern India," whose Hindu author Tulsidas desired to teach the newer doctrine of communion with a personal God by means of love rather than the traditional theory of absorption in an impersonal one by extinction of the will. To this end he made a fresh version of the thousand year old Ramayana, the life of the divine King Rama who delivered the world from a ten-headed demon. He believed Rama to be not only the incarnation of Vishnu, the Preserver in the triad whose other members were the Creator and the Destroyer, but also that of Brahm the Absolute, whence the triad sprang. Through the tangle of lesser gods, demons, magic, talking animals and celestial fairy tales through which Mr. Macfie so ably conducts the reader, the figure of Rama shines with a light like that of the Christ of St. Paul. Rama is the conqueror of Maya, magic, illusion and evil: till his coming, philosophy and asceticism were the only means to God, but now the simple may attain Him by means of faith and devotion: the love of Rama can deliver a man from his own character, his Karma, "the chain of his sins," for, descending as a man he consumed the pain of the world. The mystical experience of Tulsidas, though rationalized in terms of the East, was obviously that tasted by St. Augustine and St. Paul, whose very words are recalled by some of the quotations. The contradictory polytheism, the fantastic theological speculations, the alien atmosphere of the book are valuable in arousing dormant muscles of the mind to an understanding of Hindu thought.

Number: The Language of Science. By Tobias Dantzig. Allen and Unwin. 10s.

DR. DANTZIG is professor of mathematics in the University of Maryland, and in this interesting little book he has given us a history and description of the science he professes. One gathers that he has a lay audience in mind; he believes, indeed, that provided his readers are equipped with the mathematical knowledge which is offered in the average high-school curriculum—corresponding, one presumes, to our public-school mathematics—they will be able to follow him without unduly straining themselves. Dr. Dantzig is an optimist, and can have little knowledge of the ease with which the non-mathematical mind can relieve itself of the burdens it so unwillingly acquired. For a considerable distance in his treatise, however, he will have us all with him. His introductory essays on the tardy discovery and use of even the simplest arithmetic are delightful reading; nor, indeed, is there a chapter in the book in which we cannot discern the value of the discoveries that sometimes slowly, and sometimes by leaps and bounds, have carried the science of number to its present exalted position. The book appears at an opportune moment, for mathematics is much to the fore owing to Dr. Eddington's popularization of Relativity and its implications.



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A Philosophy of Reality. By E. L. Young. Manchester University Press. 8s. 6d.

"MAN is not mocked; his senses do not deceive him; nature does not present to him a mask hiding reality, but a friendly countenance expressing it." So writes Mr. Young in his preface to a book which, whatever its other merits, and they are many, is an admirable corrective of the unreasonable "science" that is enjoying such a vogue at the moment. As for illusionist philosophy, Mr. Young unkindly suggests that it is associated with under-nourishment of body or mind; and often arises, as in India, from excessive mental work in a too hot climate. He, however, is less concerned with the mystical experiences and fallacious arguments of the philosophical illusionists than with the hair-splitting obscurantism of a pseudoscience that, having followed its argument into the unknown, returns with information that would be utterly unreliable even if it were comprehensible. Not, of course, that Mr. Young objects to hypothesis as such, so long as it is recognized for what it is. Hypotheses are the stepping-stones of science. He himself advances a theory which endows the unconscious world with sensation, in the sense that it reacts to impacts from without, though, being unconscious, it does not translate these reactions into feeling. This, of course, is but a crude summary of an ingenious and useful hypothesis, for the full argument of which readers must be referred to the book itself.

BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS

THE explanation of last year's phenomenal publishing season, that it was due to hard times and an inexpensive means of recreation replacing more costly forms of amusement, may have reason at the back of it. But surely it is in the nature of things that, as education spreads and becomes more thorough, readers will multiply. The board-school scholar it was and is, whose demand for catch-penny literature flooded, and still floods, our bookstalls with the trash that even to-day litters them, that led to the enormous circulation of our more popular newspapers, and no doubt also the large sales of cheap standard libraries. That being so, why should we be surprised if secondary education and the work carried on at our great art schools and polytechnics has now brought into being an enormous new class of readers who turn to the libraries for their reading?

It has been obvious for some years past to all who have considered the matter and have watched the steady downward trend of culture that the illiterate was being eliminated and that the literate were demanding better and better fare. If clear evidence of this is required, then our newspapers have provided it. Those who control our great popular Press keep their fingers always on the public pulse. They are not likely to be in advance of their time. On the other hand, they will take care not to be left behind, and if one needed demonstration of the improvement in literary taste among the multitude, could anything be more convincing than the present-day attitude of the newspaper to books?

Not only do our leading popular newspapers devote a considerable space to books, they employ well-known writers to deal with them—a sure sign that they fully recognize the circulation value of literary news. There has been considerable discussion recently with regard to the nature of news, and the wearisome old wheeze that if a dog bites a man, that is not news, but that if a man bites a dog, that is news, has been repeated ad nauseam. News to-day is steadily rising in quality, and a great discovery in Egypt or Mesopotamia may be "splashed," while a squalid murder is relegated to a "stick." A new book to-day, if it is a good book, is

excellent news, which is why our newspapers are engaging first-rate men to spread it.

Book reviews as a feature have long figured in our leading daily and weekly newspapers, and due credit must be paid to the papers that were the pioneers in this field. But to-day the papers which do not cultivate their literary readers are few in number and will presently feel the pinch of competition. There was a time when the only Sunday paper to treat literature seriously was the *Observer*, but that time has long passed. For many years now the *Sunday Times* has devoted more and more space to books, and has employed distinguished reviewers to review them. Sir Edmund Gosse was for long their literary chief, and he has been succeeded by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, as brilliant and sound a reviewer as the craft of letters has produced, and, which is also to the point, with a host of wireless admirers, for he has proved himself not only the most delightful of writers but the most attractive of talkers.

Among the great dailies, the *Telegraph* has laid itself out to attract the serious readers, and its literary columns have grown more and more attractive as the years have gone by. This year it makes the interesting announcement that Miss Rebecca West is about to contribute a weekly review of books, which should prove a great attraction, for not only is Miss West a considerable artist, she is also a shrewd and sensitive critic; and she has admirably demonstrated that a critic is not necessarily one who has failed in the craft that is criticized.

The *Morning Post*, too, has its literary columns, which are a valuable and attractive feature of that famous Tory organ. The *Times*, though it has its great Literary Supplement in reserve, still devotes columns to reviews, notably of current books, for reviews of which even a week seems a long time to wait. Mr.



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Arnold Bennett adorns the *Evening Standard* and Mr. Robert Lind the *News-Chronicle*; and that paper which has not a literary star to its name will soon be to seek; for education is proving its real worth, and if hard times are a help, there is not likely to be any immediate check upon their influence.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

(H.M.V.)

- B. 3634. 'Waltz from First Suite' (Arensky); 'Slavonic Dance,' No. 15. Pianoforte duets.
- D.B. 1258. 'La Cathédrale Engloutie.' Prelude No. 10. (Debussy); 'Capriccio in B Minor,' Op. 76 (Brahms). Arthur Rubinstein. Pianoforte solo.
- D.B. 1456. 'Air des Bijoux,' 'Roi de Thule' ('Faust,' Gounod). Elizabeth Tethberg, Soprano.
- D. 1867 to 1870. 'Symphony No. 1 in G Major,' Op. 21. In four movements (Beethoven). Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York. Conducted by William Mengelberg.
- C. 2085. 'Organ Sonata in G,' first movement (Elgar). Played on the Organ of Alexandra Palace, London.
- C. 1948, 1949. 'Ballet Russe' (Luigini). Royal Opera Orchestra, Covent Garden. Conducted by John Barbirotti.

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the *SATURDAY REVIEW* in which the acrostic appears.

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, *SATURDAY REVIEW*, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 458

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, January 15)

MY YEARLY GREETING IN THESE PILLARS TWAIN
WHO SEEK WITH CARE WILL HARDLY SEEK IN VAIN.

1. Poor wooden gods by naughty RACHEL hidden!
2. His may be large who will not be outbidden.
3. In foreign parts. Please cut away the way;
4. This narrow one, in its full length, may stay.
5. Some, as we know, the fishes seek and these.
6. Holds that at Rome one still holds Peter's keys.
7. "Die and make rich (?) a college or a cat."
8. Stupid! You must remove thrice three, that's flat.
9. Abstemious now, but as a grub how greedy!
10. They made this measure small to cheat the needy.
11. Fatal to vermin, no good food for men.
12. They made these great, "The reason?" See Light Ten.

ACROSTIC No. 456.—Further solutions: Correct: Madge, Mango. One Light wrong: Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlon, Ernest Carr, Clam, Estela, T. Hartland, Iago, Peter, St. Ives, Stucco, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan. Two Lights wrong: Farsdon, Gean, Mrs. Milne, Maud Crowther.

ACROSTIC No. 455.—One Light wrong: Cyril E. Ford.

RESULT OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. VIII

The winner is Colonel T. Lyon, 71 Princes Square, Kensington, W.2, who has selected as his prize 'A Dickens Dictionary,' by A. J. Philip and W. Lawrence Gadd, advertised by Baker's Great Bookshop.

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CHURCH ARMY

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE reduction in the French Bank Rate to 2 per cent., following a similar reduction in the Federal Reserve Rate, provided the City with tangible grounds for welcoming the New Year in a rather more cheerful manner. The drain of gold from this country to France has been progressing for so long that its seriousness was generally being overlooked. The City, however, realizes the gravity of the position that might materialize if this were to continue indefinitely, and, therefore, looks on this French Bank Rate reduction as offering a possible solution to what was growing in dimensions into an insoluble and critical problem. There appears, however, to be a certain school of thought in this country which considers that all our industrial troubles are due to this question of gold and that if only our bankers would wave their golden wands the right way, our troubles would disappear overnight and industrial prosperity of unprecedented proportions would again be our lot. While agreeing that the maldistribution and sterilization of so large a part of the world's gold supply has unquestionably been a detrimental factor in our recent industrial depression, and, while conceding that reform in this direction would assist commodity prices and tend to reduce worldwide industrial depression, there is a greater evil from which industrial companies in this country are suffering which cannot be solved by any action taken by bankers in this country or elsewhere. It is suggested that our industrial companies are suffering from the fact that they cannot obtain a sufficiently profitable margin between the cost price and the selling price of their products. Owing to world competition and decreased spending power, selling prices cannot be increased. In point of fact there is a pressing necessity that they should be decreased. It follows, therefore, that to obtain this margin of profit, as selling prices cannot be increased, cost prices must be reduced. The real problem we have to face in this country, therefore, boils down to the reduction of our working costs. Heavy taxation, as the result of a total disregard of national economy by governments of all political opinions during the past ten years, and the desire of a large section of the community to earn a larger wage, and, at the same time to work shorter hours, are the fundamental causes which at present stand in the way of our reducing our working costs and regaining some of our lost industrial prosperity. It is in this direction that we must look for a change which cannot be brought about by cheap money any more than, were these necessary reforms to materialize, they would be nullified by money commanding higher rates.

BANK MEETINGS

We are approaching the season in which the big banks hold their annual meetings. It has been the custom of recent years for the Chairmen, who preside, to utilize these occasions by dealing in a general manner with the industrial position of the country and expressing their views on the various problems of to-day which have a bearing on this side of national activity. For this reason the bank meetings this year should prove of even more outstanding interest than their predecessors. The Chairmen of our big banks, by virtue of their office, must necessarily have their hand on the industrial pulse of the country. It is to be hoped that they will not allow a desire not to be too pessimistic to deter them from painting the picture as it really is, regardless of the necessity that this may entail of using

very sombre colours. If, on the other hand, they see tangible signs of a turn in the long lane of depression, one hopes that they will very definitely say so, so that the City can benefit from the encouragement that a statement emanating from such important and knowledgeable sources should entail. The remarks that covered the reduced dividend declared by Lloyds Bank unfortunately indicate that its directorate are not optimistic as to the outlook.

ASSOCIATED ELECTRICS

Those seeking a sound industrial share to lock away for future capital appreciation should not overlook the £1 Ordinary share of Associated Electrical Industries Limited. These shares are now standing at a materially lower level than that ruling at one time last year. The business of the company is believed to be progressing satisfactorily, and these shares certainly appear a very attractive holding at the present reduced level.

ABBEY ROAD BUILDING SOCIETY

In view of the fact that investment in building societies has grown in popularity so greatly during the past year or two, the announcement recently made of a reduction to date from July 1 next in the distributions to be made on the fully paid shares of the Abbey Road Building Society is of general interest. Normally, a reduction in dividend or curtailment of a usual bonus would indicate that the company concerned was not enjoying maintained prosperity. In the case of building societies, however, the very reverse is the case, the cut in dividend being due to the very large sums that have been deposited with these societies. A building society has only two outlets for its money: the first, mortgages, and the second, Government Securities. In view of the fact that those who lend money to a building society can recall their funds at pleasure, it will be seen that a reasonable proportion of the society's finances must be held in a more liquid form than house mortgages, and this explains the considerable sums which the conservative societies deem it necessary to place in Gilt-edged securities. At present prices a yield of under 4½ per cent. is obtained on British Government Securities. The Abbey Road Building Society has in the past been paying in all 5 per cent. free of tax to those who have lent them money in the form of taking their shares. It will be appreciated that if the canons of caution are to be observed, and no other policy can be possible where a sound building society is concerned, a considerable loss is entailed in paying out to shareholders a good deal more than is obtained from investments. This balance, of course, is made up by the fact that mortgage charges made to borrowers are at a higher scale than the rate of interest on the society's shares. Nevertheless, the Abbey Road Building Society has deemed it expedient to reduce their rate, and shareholders will after July 1 next receive dividends of 4½ per cent. free of tax, which compares with a former dividend of the same rate and an additional bonus of ½ per cent.

BEECHAMS PILLS

Shareholders in Beechams Pills Ltd. are being given the opportunity to subscribe for 300,000 8 per cent. Cumulative Participating Preferred shares of £1 each at 20s., to provide for the purchase that the company has made of a substantial interest in Yeast Vite Ltd. These Participating Preferred shares are entitled to a participation up to a further 2 per cent., in addition to their fixed cumulative dividend of 8 per cent., when 8 per cent. has been paid on the Deferred shares. In their class, these Participating Preferred shares appear to possess attractions.

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NOTICE

The Fifteenth of the Series of Competitions appears in this issue of the Saturday Review, see page 52.

- No. 9. SERMON. Closing date, January 26.
- No 10. DETECTIVE STORIES. Closing date, February 2.
- No. 11. THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC. Closing date, February 2.
- No. 12. LIMERICK. Closing date, February 9.
- No. 13. DRINKING SONG. Closing date, January 12.
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